

# Maclean's



JULY 23, 1979

75¢

## REACHING FOR THE PENNANT

Expos' catcher  
Gary Carter

  
Free trade:  
The disappearing border



It's your dog for dating afterwards. No people, no pretenses, you plunk yourselves in the hammock. You're a conspicuously lazy glass of tea and sip a long business glass of tea while you drink up your Smirnoff while you soak up the sun. You remember a little, laugh a lot, and once again the crystal clear that even the mandarin has magic when you're together.



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## We think it should get to work instead of lazing around all day.

Turning sunlight into a practical form of energy has been a preoccupation of man for hundreds of years.

From time to time he's had limited success. But most schemes have failed to achieve wide commercial acceptance because of three things:

Performance, reliability and cost. How well a solar energy system works depends on such variables as climatic conditions, overall heat demand, and method of collection and storage.

Which makes it hard to prove performance until the system is in place.

And because there's no long history of operating experience

in Canada, it's difficult to assess reliability.

So until problems like these are solved, the cost of converting the Sun's energy into everyday use will remain high.

That's why Imperial is turning its research experience to solar energy, to look at this age-old challenge from new angles, so that you can put the Sun to work efficiently at your home, one day.



**Research tests** Imperial Solar Research Lab experiments with a wide variety of substances that could lead to development of an economical heat storage system.

**Solar collectors.** Different types of solar panels undergo tests for efficiency and overall performance. Collector shown follows the path of the Sun.



**Esso Imperial Oil Limited**

Editorial

## Why the Canada-U.S. free-trade pact could garrote our dream of nationhood

By Peter C. Newman

In one of the most significant articles ever published in this magazine (page 18) Managing Editor Kevin Doyle traces the roots and implications of the new GATT agreement signed last week in Geneva. "The policy that defeated the Laurier government in 1911," he reports, "that was so eagerly pursued in the cordiality of post-war euphoria and that dared not speak its name during the anglophone nationalism of the last decade has, to a considerable degree, been achieved in 1979, with barely a whimper of approval or protest, scarcely a whisper of public debate."

The new trade pact will mean the gradual dismantling of tariffs on the \$25 billion worth of goods that annually flow across the 49th parallel, wiping out the protective devices that have historically been considered a legitimate price of Canadian independence. The supporters of this scheme—which has yet to be ratified by the U.S. Senate and the Canadian Parliament—claim it will grant Canada's manufacturing sector an unimpeded access to the huge U.S. consumer market. The trouble with this naive assertion is that at the same time American factories would be swamping this country with their goods, which would enjoy the price advantage of longer production runs. More seriously, since nearly two-thirds of Canada's secondary manufacturing plants already are subsidiaries of U.S. firms,

it's ludicrous to believe that they would be allowed to compete with parent firms in their domestic markets. The classical doctrine of free trade holds that business transactions are carried on by independent companies under arm's-length arrangements. But in this age of multinationals, most of the subsidiaries have would be reduced to feeder-plant satellites.

Mel Herring, the Edmonton publisher who has made an intensive study of free trade's implications, has warned that U.S. support of a free-trade area is little more than a stalking horse for other, more muted American aspirations. What the Yankees really want is open access to our oil and natural gas reserves. With six per cent of the world's population, the U.S. uses up about half of the earth's energy resources. It would be mighty handy for them (but not for us) to pool their long-term shortage with our short-term surplus.

The integration of the two economies visualized by the GATT negotiators would transfer even more economic decision making into U.S. hands. Tax policies, research incentives, regional development programs, securities regulations, anti-trust laws and, eventually, the whole panoply of monetary, fiscal and social policies that express the differing values of the two societies would have to be "harmonized." Pressure would inevitably mount for removal of all remaining boundaries and the establishment of a common citizenship. It would mean the end of the Canadian dream.



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A woman with dark hair is sitting in a snowy landscape, surrounded by large, colorful, abstract sculptures. She is wearing a dark jacket and is looking towards the camera. The sculptures are made of a material that looks like ice or snow, and they are in various colors including orange, yellow, and red. The background is a snowy hillside with some trees and a small building in the distance.

Christopher Home

**The spirit of the Czar lives on.  
Wolfschmidt Vodka is here.**

**The spirit of the Czar lives on.  
Wolischmidt Vodka is here.**

It was the Golden Age of Russia.  
Yet in this time when legends  
lived, the Czar stood like  
a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar  
on his bare knee. Crush a  
silver rouble with his fist.  
And had a thirst for life like  
no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine  
Vodka. Wolischmidt Vodka.  
Made by special appointment  
to his Majesty the Czar.  
And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then.  
And while life has changed  
since the days of the Czar,  
his Vodka remains the same.

Wolischmidt  
Genuine Vodka.  
The spirit  
of the Czar  
lives on.

**Wolischmidt Genuine Vodka**



**Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka**

By Rita Christopher

There are men who go down to the sea in ships, and there are men who come up from the sea with treasure. Author Peter Benchley belongs solidly in the latter group. The treasures he has brought up are not from the depths of the sea, but rather from the chest of Bermuda, but rather from three tales of the hairy deep that have turned him into a millionaire. First came *Jaws*, which turned the great white shark from a curiosity of marine biology to a phenomenon of publishing. It led into a Hollywood spectacular, the toothy monster proved to have an animal magnetism that outdrew even such box-office crowd pleasers as Robert Redford and John Travolta.

With *Jaws*, which has earned more money than any other movie in history, Benchley could have put away his diving gear forever and relaxed in a sunny deck chair. But with his next novel, *The Deep*, he was right back in the water again, and it proved a profitable plunge. The paperback was sold for \$1.1 million and Columbia Pictures bought the movie rights for \$350,000. Now those deals have proved to be merely a warm-up for Benchley's just-published *The Island*, a yarn based on modern Caribbean piracy lives before The Island appeared in the bestsellers. Harcourt Books had paid \$2 million for the paperback rights and Universal Pictures bought the movie version for \$2.1 million, the highest sum Hollywood has ever paid for rights to a non-magical film. In addition, Benchley will pick up walkie-talkie money from both sides and a special bonus geared to the number of weeks the book remains on the best-seller list.

"With actors, all people want to know about is their sex lives. With authors, it's always how much money they make," says Benchley, trying to steer conversation off the shores of romance. Nonetheless, he breezes through the complexities of movie deals, percentages and up-front money as easily as he moves through the intricacies of his plots. He is laconic, however, to compare himself to super-authors such as Maria Puzos and Irving Wallace, whose books and movie deals have also involved record sums. "I don't want to get into chasing records," he maintains. "So far, I've been exceedingly lucky."

There's more than luck at work in the Benchley tradition. Peter is the son of a famous literary pedagogue—the grandson of humorous essayist Robert Benchley and the son of author Nathaniel Benchley, best known for *The Americans Are Coming*, the *Business* are



## The man from 'Jaws' finds more treasure

Coming (Benchley's talent can be as unadorned as well as inherited, Benchley is an ever better luck for, as a child, he lived next door to novelist John Steinbeck.) Benchley's father, who now jobs at his son's mansion ("Wood want to follow an act like that?") was the first person to encourage him to write. "When I was about six, he told me that instead of mowing lawns all summer, he'd pay me \$50 a week if I sat and wrote every day until 2 o'clock," the author recalls.

Despite the fact that the younger Benchley soon began submitting manuscripts to *The New Yorker* magazine (without success), he was still not sure what direction his life was to take. But he did come to feel that he wanted a life with some of the adventure he has used to such dramatic effect in his novels. "I like an element of danger—oh," says Benchley, who lists among his hobbies golf, fishing and poker. "I am attracted by the idea of living with controlled risk," he says, although on the surface Benchley hardly seems the meatball-

ing adventurer. He has the kind of clinical handsomeness that has been chronologically described all the way from "boyish" up to "generally collegiate." At the New York office of his publisher, an excited female executive pointed to a floor marking. "He's in there waiting—just upstairs." Benchley overrode the class marks of the American establishment in his voice and his manner, but with none of the attendant snobbery the phrase implies. "I just don't think you could sort a floor guy," says one journalistic acquaintance. "Peter is a rare commodity—a real gent."

All of which is not to say Benchley is an ordinary Joe. He is the first to admit that his life is as traditional, non-toxic existence. "I no longer have to think about what I should do," he says, "just what I want to do." When not engaged in profit-making boats with the type-writer, he describes his activities as "boring around," a phrase that echoes phrases from his Princeton, New Jersey, home and deep-sea diving in the



Attack scenes and inset from 'Jaws,' and Benchley (left). Instead of mowing lawns all summer, he was paid to sit and write.

Caribbean. "I first went diving in France when I was 21," he says. "It was the kind of thing where they threw you off the side of a boat with a tank and good luck." One of Benchley's later dives got him into the kind of predicament more likely to befall one of his fictional characters. Returning through United States customs with some morphine ampoules he found on a Cuban hospital ship off Bermuda, he was shocked when officials told him the ampoules contained live drugs. "What can I tell you?" he laughs. "They were going to bust me. I had no idea these things could stay down in the water for so long and remain good."

Undaunted by his brush with customs, Benchley returned to the search for underwater treasures in the plot of *The Island*. His hero, Eric Maynard, bears an uncanny resemblance to Benchley in more than his fascination with deep-sea exploration. Like Maynard, Benchley was a newspaperman writer, turning out *Newsweek's* television section before becoming vice president Robert Knicker, then a media adviser to President Lyndon Johnson, invited him to become a White House speech writer. After 22 months at the White House, Benchley learned his services were no longer needed "when the

Nixon people came in and ripped out our television sets right after the inauguration."

With no television set and no job, Benchley turned to free-lance writing. "That's a part of my life I'd never want to repeat," he comments. He claims, in fact, that he was down to \$400 in the bank when he began to write *Jaws*. The editorial hunches from which the great white shark emerged has become the stuff of media legend. As one story goes, large parts of the novel were suggested to Benchley rather than being originated by him. For Benchley, who has been fascinated by sharks since boyhood summers on the island of Nantucket, that thought is infuriating. "The notion that *Jaws* was written by a committee is completely untrue. It's terribly painful to me to keep hearing that story. I'd been doing research on sharks for 15 years when I began the book," he says heatedly. And, of course, in the beginning, it hardly looked like the book would be the sweet walk in the bank that it turned out to be. "I had no idea *Jaws* would be a best seller," says Benchley. "After all, how many people like sharks?"

Benchley has tried to insulate himself from the critical brickbats that have accompanied his books almost as predictably as popular accolades. By the time *The Deep* came along, he thought he had found the perfect solution. "I tried to be out of the country when the book was published," he says. For *The Island* he has adopted another strategy. "I'm not going to read any of the reviews. I think for some people there's a real Peter Benchley syndrome at this point. They read the stories about the money and then they're really ready to dig in by the time they get to review the book."

He needs may be the stuff of instant legend, but Benchley has no intention to turn his private life into a slacker fantasy. He has tried to shield his wife, Wendy, and his two children from the inevitable publicity which has accompanied his celebrity. Apart from a wrist-watch advertisement which he now regrets giving, Benchley keeps a very low profile. "One of the great things about my life," he says, "is that I have absolutely no street recognition. I can walk down the street in Manhattan and anybody will know who I am." But recognition of his work is a very different matter. He has made it difficult to think of sharks without thinking of that shark, or without thinking of the success story of Peter Benchley. □

# HODGE & MARTIN & THE ARGOS



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IT'S HOW YOU PLAY-BY-PLAY.**

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## Frontlines

### A crusade for history beats the wrecker's ball

**H**alifax was lucky. The wrecker's ball which has laid out so many old, historic North American neighborhoods didn't quite fetch the job there. "There were plenty of developers [in Halifax] in the '60s taking their dip in reorganization of building here after companies," says Hugh Thomas, president of the Waterfront Development Corporation. "But, before they got too far along, the high-rise syndrome began wearing thin all across North America."

The general move away from towers is only part of the story, however. Had it not been for Leo Collins, an affable school principal with an unquenchable passion for history, the old buildings along Halifax's waterfront might have been leveled long before renovation became fashionable. And on a recent spring day, Collins, 65, was awarded an honorary degree by the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design for his 15-year crusade to preserve the city's links with its seafaring history.

His lone fight began in 1964, when Collins learned that the city's oldest wooden waterfront was being readied for the wrecker's hammer. He was appalled and took his concern to Halifax city council where aldermen—big-city visionaries of skyscrapers and skyscrapers dancing in their heads—looked him off. The building was leveled, and the boat Collins could squeeze from city hall was the appointment of an advisory committee on historic preservation, headed

by an alderman who insisted that he had been given the job because he had no interest in old buildings. Collins got angrier, then he got organized. That his campaign was successful was brought home as the degree was awarded—the ceremony took place in Historic Properties, the centerpiece of Halifax's \$180-million waterfront development.

"There have been a few recent moments here and there," Collins, now Halifax's honorary historian, allows with a smile. Perhaps the sweetest came in 1976, when the Halifax Landmarks Commission, a city advisory board chaired by Collins, issued a tenant-wide call for proposals from developers interested in bringing back to useful life a group of seven historic but decaying waterfront warehouses. Though the buildings had been designated to be of "national historic significance" by the federal government as early as 1963 (the oldest, the Primrose's Warehouse, was built in the early 1800s and is reputed to have been used to store prize-winning booty during the War of 1812), civic development plans in 1969 still showed them being demolished to make way for a high-speed expressway through the downtown core. When Collins and his army of civic citizens finally forced the council to back away from that plan, a miffed city staff claimed they didn't have the necessary

expertise to issue a call for proposals to restore the buildings, so Collins and his Landmarks Commission took on the job themselves. "We were just a group of amateurs who decided we had better pick up the gloves ourselves if anything was going to be done," Collins remembers. "And we worked damn hard. One of our members almost wrote himself out of his job because he was spending so much time working on the proposal call." In 1978, city fathers accepted the Landmarks Commission's recommendations, and awarded the project to local developer John Pasko.

Today, the waterfront redevelopment has mushroomed from the old warehouses and office buildings that Pasko's Historic Properties Limited restored and revitalized as trendy boutiques, restaurants and office space. It now encompasses 58 acres of prime real estate on both sides of Halifax Harbour. A provincial crown corporation, the Waterfront Development Corporation, was formed in 1976 to undertake planning on the harbor front and has already spent close to \$15 million on everything from a water's edge boardwalk to underground wiring to replace antiquated power and telephone lines. By the time the project is completed in the mid-1980s, there will be new ferry terminals, a maritime museum, a public marina, and possibly a new hotel and residential development as well.

Despite all of this newfound interest in preserving Halifax's Neoclassic past, Leo Collins isn't resting on his laurels. He agonizes over the possibility that there are still developers lurking in the wings with more proposals to turn his city into a concrete jungle. "Kerosene vapors," sighs Collins, "will always be the price of preservation."

Stephen Kimber

Collins and renovated waterfront, he worries that developers are in the wings.





San Francisco after the 1906 quake (left) and the San Andreas Fault warning signals from the banyan

## Frontlines

# Californians ignore the fault in their future

The earth rumbled again, like a warning signal, late in June. Four small earthquakes shattered windows and terraces, jiggled dishes and beds, and shook buildings over a 300-mile stretch of southern California. These tremors could be taken as yet another warning that the giant San Andreas Fault, a crack in the earth's crust that splits the state like an axe wound, is almost certain to shatter the West Coast in a major earthquake before the end of this century. (Seismologists say the quake is likely to occur in the 1980s, and could kill tens of thousands of people.) But it seems that nothing will jar Californians out of their complacency, for in that quiet society the focus seems to go no farther than tonight's yoga lesson. They are still building apartment buildings around San Francisco Bay where a major earthquake would do severe damage.

The warnings of scientists come from the highest levels. Bruce Bolt, the chief of the seismographic stations at the University of California at Berkeley, and a member of the state's Seismic Safety Commission, warned last month of a better than 50-50 chance of a great earthquake by 1980. Gerald Rainer, of the U.S. Geological Survey's Office of Earthquake Studies near San Francisco, says he has no doubt that there will be a repetition of the giant quakes of 1867 and 1906 which left a trail of disaster across California. In 1968, 500 people were killed in San Francisco alone.

The San Andreas Fault is the meeting place of two enormous plates of the earth's crust that are grinding against each other as they casually move over

the globe. The pressure between the plates has built up to so intense a level that it can only be released with a monumental burst. If that burst comes at rush hour in Los Angeles, 40 miles from the fault, estimates are that more than 20,000 people would die, 100,000 would be injured.

But in California, where people seem to look at life quite differently than elsewhere in North America, the potential victims remain unalarmed. A recent sociological study concluded that the search for meaning in life in California centers on personal consciousness and human potential movements such as spiritual therapy, Gestalt awareness training, biofeedback and yoga. As the report put it, "In California people often do not ask what do you do, meaning occupation, but what are you into, meaning what human-potential group you are currently attending." It may be this search for inner meaning rather than outer reality that has led to the absence of worry about the coming calamity.

There is no way to prevent or to lessen the power of the earthquake. The only hope, say scientists, is, it is to develop an accurate system of prediction so that evacuation plans can be set into effect and maybe thousands of lives saved. However, although earthquake prediction is a rapidly evolving science it is still far from exact. The earth's movement is closely monitored by instruments with sensitive devices, namely, laser interferometers, tiltmeters and creepmeters. But these tell only of what has happened after an earthquake, rather than warn when one is to come.

It is no joke to cite animal behavior as a possible forerunner of natural disaster. The Stanford Research Institute has organized a large group of volunteers to report bizarre behavior among creatures of all kinds. They have been told to end it to a special emergency number if they see oddities leaping out of their beds, pigs swimming into the streets, parakeets "going nuts" or rabbits trying to climb trees. Farmers have been asked to watch particularly for pigs suddenly trying to escape from their pens and birds leaving the area in large flocks.

It's believed that animals' senses respond to an electrical charge in the environment that can occur as much as two days before a large earthquake. Says Dr. William Louth, a Stanford investigator, "Common house pets are hundreds of thousands of times more sensitive to certain physical stimuli than men or our most sophisticated machines." He says that the Chinese—among the world's leaders in earthquake studies—have successfully predicted as many as 11 earthquakes, at least in part through keeping a sharp eye on animal behavior. But then again, as the saying goes, one sees more

William Louth

WHAT FACQUET SHOULD YOU GET INTO THIS YEAR?



IN A WORLD OF CHOICES, THE EAST ONE IS BLACK & WHITE

Smooth choice: old Scotch Whisky

# Poles apart

In *His 24 Staves Been Checked for Tremors*... (June 18), Allan Petheringham has John Diefenbaker, at the age of 34, being "fascinated by Admiral Perry's conquering of the North Pole." While American naval history recognizes two naval officers of that name, the brothers Oliver Hazard Perry, 1785-1819, and Matthew Cuthbert Perry, 1794-1858, neither of them is credited with conquering the North Pole. Rather, it was Robert Edwin Peary, 1856-1920, who finally discovered the Pole on April 6, 1909, successfully challenging the prior claims of another U.S. adventurer, Frederick Albert Cook, who was later discredited.

SALPIN K. GARDNER, PORT SUSSEX, ONT

# The bounty-hunter

For a special reason, I was particularly pleased with Barbara Amiel's *A Bounty of Rhapsodies* (June 26). A few years ago I discovered a marvelous book called *Treasury of the World's Great Letters* and it has been a constant source of pleasure. In this age of rudeness when almost anything goes, we want to know, as Amiel put it, "What are the famous made of?" Perhaps subconsciously we're all looking for heroes and heroines to look up to, therefore biographies of the great are as welcome. I have placed *A Bounty* in my Great Letters treasure.

D. J. MONTGOMERY, MONTREAL

# The pig-hunter

I was angered and disappointed by the pictures accompanying the article *Pouncing the Working Women* (June 26). I found them contradictory to the



Fashion photo: "sexy silk-to-the-waist"

article which claimed today's fashion range from "intriguing retro, space-age, updated military or sexy silk-to-the-waist." The chesty photos limited this range to the latter category only.

MARILYNNE GRATHAM, TORONTO

There must be a vast, silent majority of working women who are making less than \$10,000 a year who are trying to support children, pay mortgages and keep themselves looking crisp and spry so that they are sought out for the

promotions and the career opportunities they so desperately want. The secretaries, the clerks, the waitresses and shop employees are "New Women" too. It's very strange, though. They just can't seem to afford to pay \$45 for a pair of cotton pants or \$65 for a suit at the new H&M fashion shop. The fashion industry would have us believe that a salary of \$106 a week is enough to purchase the expensive "good life" and they are happy to extend credit to do it. Instead of trying to figure out what women are thinking and how to attract their business, why don't they ask the women—who all want reasonably cheap, reasonable-looking clothes of reasonable good quality, at a reasonable price?

DEBORAH LORRICK, TORONTO

# Fasten your seatbelts

After reading *Who's Who? Minding the Store* (June 18), I sincerely hope that, while everyone in the Clark cabinet is giggling and guffawing themselves through the summer with their "low practice runs," the country won't crash into economic and social chaos when they finally decide to "actually leave the country."

KENNETH R. FRYER, OTTAWA

# Into the mouths of babes

Andrew Weiner's article *The Rise and Fall of the Baby Factor* (July 2), lamenting that Canadians are falling to go forth and multiply, "seems rather out of touch considering the global population explosion. Are Canadians such good stock that we should be reproducing when human beings are already at a surplus?" Rather than encourage increased births with deferred loans, we should spend more money to help other countries lower their birthrates. We should also support overseas adoption programs for orphans and help Canadian children have equal access to good food, comfortable housing and decent education. With so many people in all countries, including our own, suffering from the burden of too many children in care for properly, I'm delighted to hear Canada's birthrate is so low.

DEANA BARONCIC, TORONTO

# More fun than a barrel

Congratulations to Barbara Amiel's column *Of Rummy Summer Evenings and the Enrichment of People's Choice* (July 2). The rumpuses of our various government-run services are possibly the most legitimate and certainly the funniest subjects for humorous abuse.

THEO MCNEELY, NEWBRIDGE, ONT

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# STELLA ARTOIS



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Frontlines

## Yuk Yuk's: shticking it in the face of success

**P**rogress has caught up with Mark Brezlin. The savvy lad who rented a Church Street basement three years ago so that his funny friends could work their shticks in public is a kid no longer. His now-Professor Brezlin, dean of Yuk Yuk's Kennedy Square, Canada's only "School for Laughs," is not quite an emcee ("I'm more of an acthead"), Yuk Yuk's has grown so big, so fast—a new Yorkville house last year, T-shirts, TV spots—that Brezlin, 37, is sincerely worried.

Servants of Yuk Yuk's' restless, "I-dare-you-to-get-up-and-be-funny" stage are Hollywood-bound, and comedy heroes such as Mort Sahl and Jonico ("Dye-a-note"). Walker make trips north to play the 130-seat club. Brezlin has become a maven for stand-up success, and most of it is Brezlin's doing.

According to the "Professor of Laughs," it may also be his ending: "I want to preserve the anarchic flavor," he muses, "but how do you preserve anarchy in the face of success, surrounded by dance hooters and club boutiques?" Not to mention the onslaught of high-priced events gaudily waiting to pay their \$5 at the door (charged only on weekends). Polyester-suited businessmen single with gaglets of underage teen-agers grovel for a nightclub that doesn't serve liquor.

Dead sober, they listen respectfully to the unpolished simians whose unruly side tale it is to warm up the audience for the feature acts. Then (as on a recent night), as Brezlin pretends to introduce the next routine, hysterical laughter breaks out in the back of the room. An head crane, a rapidly human creature leaps between the tables, con- veying the patron in his wake. Here is a Brezlin apartment at his best—Homer Muzil at his green tulle tux, black tights, red sharkskin jacket and cowboy boots, impersonating a pensive woodpecker, zipping occasionally like a rhapsodic onomatopoeia. When he



Homer Muzil's "wild psychologist" act dare you to get up and be funny stage

doffs his skirt to reveal oversized diapers and amputees in a high-pitched squeal, "If I'm a child psychologist," he wipes the floor with the customers.

In the background, like an anxious parent, Mark Brezlin breathes. He worries that his kids aren't ready for the big time, and that premature success will stunt their growth up coming. He doesn't want to see his artists discarded before they've had time to polish their craft, and he says time Toronto is a good place for polishing. "We're free from the outthrust commercialism of New York and Los Angeles. We can experiment here and out of the pressure will come a new comedy, a new act form. If the Beatles started off in London, they would have wound up just another bar band. But working in the states, they could play whatever they wanted." What Brezlin wants is a little more time for his artists to fool around in the studio. Eve Devick

Canada

## Six nights on Mean Street

By Jackie Webstar

**T**he streets are clean again, jugged off the broken glass that crunched and grated underfoot last week in Richmond. New plate glass glitters in Mean Street windows, although a few pitted panes serve as grim reminders of a six-night rampage, which tore the New Brunswick city of 16,000 apart. It is business as usual along Mean Street, but in the aftermath of last week's strife the tone is muted, the mood subdued. There is bitterness, a grumbling, a questioning of who and what and, especially, why. Beer bottles and shards of glass have been replaced by charges and counter-charges flying through the air. The strike is over, the city's police are back on the job patrolling the streets and their sympathetic colleagues, the

outside city workers, have cleared away the mess. But Richman's citizens are embarrassed at the notoriety that pushed their city into a battle with Skylar for space is the national news. And the downtown faithful merchants are redifly wary.

Last Thursday afternoon, fewer than 50 hours after the city's police strike finally ended, the merchants met and demanded an immediate inquiry. They want provincial justice department officials, the Richman police department, and city council to find out why a state of emergency was not declared long before property damage reached the

\$100,000 mark—and eventually well beyond.

Richman is an exuberant mining and paper town, dusty and meaner but normally good-natured. A smudge head of steam had built up in anticipation of the second Haplopol Day's jubilee as the weather turned warm and shaggy. Carnival spirit, bottled and otherwise, spilled with an ongoing hostility toward the 86 police who were setting up their pinnets, grooved a volatile mix. The action was at first unpremeditated rather than disperson, except in the particulars. Hot-rodgers, fueled with liquid courage, turned the traffic circle on Main Street into a mechanical maypole. Strolling condoms, attracted by the piercing scream of retreating tires, galloped to smack the drivers rear fender and faster, tighter and tighter around the circle. Wheels and motors, transmissions and fenders became of no consequence in the face of the sexual admi-



Richman show-off (right) and bawling rubber grabbing the national spotlight

PHOTO BY JACKIE WEBSTAR

ration the drivers perceived in the crowd. The midnights had begun.

Not drag racing can sustain interest only so long and the masses might have pelted an except for two features: a continuing interest of the citizens, who arrived downtown by the thousands at night to watch perhaps a dozen youths put on their show, and, equally important, the attention of Canada's media hordes. The early-evening television news came on at Sunday with Bacharach in the spotlight and within minutes downtown streets were lined six deep. As the tires squealed and beer bottles whined through storefronts, the striking police finally quit their pectoral line, donned riot gear and quelled the disturbance because now the hoodlums knew they were seen.

The following night they awoke themselves. That was the thought "Jesus freak" was allegedly raped after she stood naked on the top of a car and tried to assure the rowdies that Jesus loved them. Again the police abandoned their strike and moved in, an ambulance was called and the girl was taken off to hospital. The action then took a new turn. Windows were smashed, businesses were broken into, there was looting and vandalism. One skunk, pig-footed, knicker-cloth, bottle in hand, head drooping down his chin, was caught by a photographer and made the front pages of several Canadian newspapers.

Tuesday night a strike settlement was announced at midnight and the police were back in uniform. Not so late a Dominion store was broken into, all of its plate-glass windows demolished and groceries tossed into the street. Near dawn a clashing store directly in the thrust's line of march was defended by about 50 knife-armed friends of the owner. The streets were cleared before the police discovered that an essential clause regarding rank restructuring had been left out of the settlement and within two hours they had returned to the pickup lines. Finally, late Wednesday afternoon, the contentious clause had been sent to binding arbitration and the strike ended. The officers had won raises that will earn them about \$30,000 a year by the end of 1981.

"So, now ask the merchants, why wasn't a state of emergency called? Not that simple, says Mayor John A. Sweeney. A state of emergency can only exist during a legal strike situation when there is danger to life. Property damage does not constitute an emergency. Should police be permitted to strike? This question is being raised all over New Brunswick. Of course they should, says Berpeton Blair Bouche, spokesman for the Rathbairn Police. Police should not be allowed to leave their posts for any reason, cautions Fredericton Police Chief

Lionel Duffin. Duffin is emphatic: He doesn't know if his council will ask the Office of New Brunswick Association to recommend a ban on police strikes, but if it doesn't, "I damn well will." Acting provincial Justice Minister Fernando Duddy says he will make recommendations to cabinet regarding the handling of police strikes, but declined to say what those recommendations would be.

In Rathbairn, Duffin and council have been criticized for their lack of democratic Behaviourism use themselves as pawns in a power play between police



Duffin: the province 'declined' to act

and city hall, while others are angry at the police for what they term "too little and too late." Duffin denies the charge of indecision: "I was a constant contact with the government officials," he says. "I told them how things were, explained the situation and asked them to come up or at least take some action. They declined." Provincial officials, on the other hand, took the view that, since the Rathbairn police were prepared to—did—break their own picket lines when there was threat of violence, outside interference was not warranted, although an RCMP contingent was standing just outside the city willing to be called.

When Bacharach's police arrived back on the streets for good, the troublemakers took to their heels. Only the newshounds and a few citizens guarding their property remained. "Move along now," an officious young policeman kept ordering those hanging about. "Move along now, these streets are dangerous." Duffin's hooded an incensed woman. "If you think they are dangerous now, you should have been here a couple of hours ago when they were really dangerous. Where were you then?"

## The Nation

# The fear of flying empty seats

With fuel costs rocketing upward one-third annually, political fingers trying to write out the shopping list and 30 per cent of seats going empty, Air Canada's decision to buy new transcontinental aircraft stretched over eight talkative months last week, after a three-hour presentation by President Claude Taylor and four of his eight senior vice-presidents, the 13-member Air Canada board of directors approved a \$200-million expenditure for 12 Boeing 767s, part of its \$3.9-billion shopping spree for new large- and short-haul aircraft over the next decade. Coupled with competitor CP Air's five-year, \$1.6-billion program, the shape of the seat for flying Canadians has been set for the 1980s.

For Air Canada the decision process began last fall with both intercontinental and transcontinental aircraft under study, and built to a heated hearing in March, with models illustrating the tailoring in April. The federal cabinet was brought up to date. It is there that the stories began to differ. With a decision due April 30, the Trudeau government, according to Ottawa sources, urged postponing the domestic aircraft purchase so that the European-built A-310 Airbus could receive more favorable consideration, thus supporting its so-called third option—more trade with the European Community. Taylor will only say now that cabinet "wanted to make sure the European airplane was in contention."

Whatever the reality, only the transcontinental aircraft decision to buy six Lockheed L-1011s at \$200 million was announced. The domestic debate continued for another month but by the time Taylor met with the new Conservative transport minister, Don Mazankowski, on June 6, the 300-passenger wide-body Boeing was Air Canada's choice, better suited than the Airbus, says Taylor, to the long flights from Montreal to Vancouver at a fuel-burning 45,000 feet because of its large wing-design. Activity then turned to pre-buying. For the board, the last-things known by hand with its gold lettering, *Domestic Fleet Recommendation*. There was no objection when Chairman Bryce Mackay asked, "Does anyone



Taylor and Boeing CEO, an inch-thick brown vinyl board with gold lettering

here feel uncomfortable with management's recommendation?" For CP Air, the same choice between Boeing and the Airbus has yet to be made. Last week, CP engineers were in Toulouse, France, looking over an A-310, with a decision not expected until later this year. CP has 14 new Boeing 707s on order for short-range routes in Western Canada, as well as four DC 10-30s, a later version of the plane that crashed in Chicago last May.

Once all the equipment decisions have been made, the hard part remains far behind—filling empty seats, particularly in the quiet months of April, May, October and November. Competition between the two was boosted when the

in, in, in, with an expected prior tag of \$5 million.

Conservative Chairman David McDonald, ever alert to the public message of his party—especially now that it is reporting to a new Conservative government—was understandably defensive. "This does not mean the commission is stopping work," he allowed. The inquiry, he said, will spend the summer preparing summaries of 30,000 pages of testimony covering 10 areas of 30 activities—ranging from clandestine raids to unauthorized wiretaps and the burning of a barn. Contrary to plans some months ago, the commission now aims to make specific recommendations that fall on special policy changes—moving access to government information under the Official Secrets Act, which just happens to be a top priority of the Joe Clark government. The decision appears to be a response to a private chat between the commissioners and the new solicitor-

General

## Dark new Security Service insights

Canadian Transport Commission earlier this year removed the flight restrictions that had kept CP Air at 25 per cent of transcontinental business. CP Air Executive Vice-President Ken Danks expects to achieve 40 per cent of the market. CP has begun a no-frills, no-meals Skybus service, at \$94.00, from Toronto to Vancouver. Air Canada is playing catch-up, too, with surplus seats on sale this past spring. "We'll market those at white-tie prices, just like Britain's," says Taylor. Air Canada has one problem that's unknown at CP: privatization. Taylor's plan, when Air Canada has had three or four more profitable years, is to sell shares in the Crown corporation to the public. Meanwhile, new seats or old, sales in one area where both competitors agree. Says Danks: "An empty seat is no disaster and good to you."

Mark Bodnar/Roderick McQueen

## 20,230 pages of the scarlet letter

The McDonald inquiry on the RCMP quietly marked its second anniversary last week, with growing grumbling about its multi-page pursuit of alleged Security Service irregularities. After two days of hearings, further public sessions were adjourned until the fall. That raised the prospect that it will be well into 1980 before the final report







Last week, in Ottawa, the federal government released a highly detailed document outlining the results of six years of trade negotiations conducted under the umbrella of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade in Geneva. But, although it represented a watershed in the history of Canada-United States relations, its implications for Canadians, outlined in this report, were largely ignored.

By Kevin Dwyer

I am remembered now as one of those technologically glib late winter Ottawa days when snow and the blinding wet snow blanketed the broad streets facing out from Parliament Hill. In the Library of Laurier House, Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King was in a funk. The endless winter was giving

him chills, he was feeling pangs of exhaustion and, after 12 uninterupted years in office, he seemed distracted, but fully convinced of the validity of the proposal before him—a formal, and complete free-trade union with the United States. Then, sometime on that evening of March 23, 1948, history fell on a back-entitled Shadow in Colonel Macdonald and the 70-year-old leader chanced to read a chapter called *Soul of Exports*. "I took it," he told his diary, "to be perfect evidence of guidance from beyond." The guidance from King's mystical world of spirits and deities convinced him in the space of minutes

that he should send a message of work and negotiation and that he should no more contemplate signing the completed trade pact than he "would (consider) flying to the South Pole."

At the time, Canadians seemed vaguely aware of the outlines of the mysterious secret deal (the provisions of which are published for the first time on page 21) but only a handful showed any interest. And last week when, enclosed in a global trade treaty, Canada and the United States came as close to continental free trade as is possible short of some form of bilateral economic integration, the reaction of the people who occupy this brooding stepdaughter of the American Revolution was heartbreakingly similar.

Under the terms of the new treaty, negotiated in Geneva by 96 members of the General Agreement on Tariffs and

Trade, a whopping 85 per cent of Canadian goods are destined eventually to enter the United States almost tariff-free, while about 85 per cent of United States exports to Canada will enter with little or no tax at the border. Thus, the policy that deflated the Laurier government in 1901, that was so eagerly pursued in the cordillery of post-war euphoria and that dared not speak its name during the sulphurous nationalism of the last decade, has, to a considerable degree, been achieved in 1979 with barely a whisper of approval or protest. But for one, it would be hard to fault the bureaucrats or the politicians for the spiky controversy the issue.

The key provisions have been announced in Canada and a full implementing them has been approved by the U.S. House of Representatives. Prime Minister Joe Clark has said complete free trade is a subject that should now be openly debated. Finance Minister John Crosbie has urged a national discussion of the subject, a U.S. Senate committee is investigating the idea and even Prime Magazine commented this month that, "The seed is sown to create a North American Common Market." But somehow in this trade, half-truth, economically disposed country, forever defining an identity, either nobody noticed or nobody wanted to know.

Says Max Salkman, chairman of the Committee for a Free Independent Canada and a former NDP MP: "We are simply



1948-drafter Deutsch (left) and Warren barely a whisper of approval or protest

drifting quietly into a decent status with the United States. It's useless to talk about free or freer trade with the United States, it's not an economic matter, it's a political matter, and let's not drift into becoming a part of the United States under an economic disguise without any democracy at all—the way we are doing now."

The implications for Canadians of the current proposals are so easy to exaggerate as they are to ignore. The measure will, after all, be phased in over a period of at least eight years, giving any

domestic industry with even a pretense of efficiency ample chance to adjust to the new trading climate. Highly sensitive or politically valuable industries such as chemicals, textiles and footwear in Canada will receive continued protection and Canadian exporters will have easier access to other markets in addition to the U.S., the unlikely event that those can be taken advantage of.

But the facts remain that Canada and the United States are each other's largest markets, that Canada's strength to expand other export areas have, as the whole, failed; that in a decade, the average tariff on Canadian industrial goods entering the U.S. will be 9 per cent—its current figure, 19 per cent—while the average Canadian tariff on U.S. goods will be roughly six per cent—a "business tax" and little or no impediment to the free flow of goods between countries where transport costs are minimal. There is also the fact that by 1990, nearly 85 per cent of the total trade between the two countries will be completely free, a volume which the GATT determined in 1960 constitutes free trade. At the same time, there is a clearly emerging, if still faint, consensus at the senior levels of both the governing Conservative party and the opposition Liberals as well as in the U.S. Congress and administration in favour of formalizing north-south free trade. Comments Alan MacKenzie, external affairs minister in the former Trudeau government and chairman of the cabinet committee on co-ordinating

officials have said that the computer and office equipment industry didn't make its case strongly enough. Presumably, if not at all, they were admitting they had made a mistake in the negotiations to that economic sector. Last week, however, Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Robert de Carle promised to make public by year's end a program to help industries adapt. Currently, in a program announced last year by the Trudeau government, a plan that included financial assistance to cushion adverse effects of free trade competition. Still unanswered is the inquiry question by how much will Canadian business gain production and jobs? Says Roy Phillips, president director of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association: "No one can tell whether any one nation has made any great gains or loss in terms of net benefit. Less in question was how substantially Canada affected the negotiated outcome. As one civil servant described Canada's effort: 'We're a price taker and a price maker.'"

Robert McQueen



FREE  
TRADE:



THE DISAPPEARING BORDER

## By the yawn's early light

The topic's a tough one to be spry about. First, Joe Warren co-ordinator for the Multilateral Trade Negotiations, knows it. There he was last January, speaking to a star-studded ball table and a full house of business honchos at the opening of the World Trade Centre in Toronto. An audience, presumably, as eager as his. And yet, in mid-speech, right as he, a yawn. Eyes drooping over his reading glasses, Warren bowed down at the gully face and said "if you will get hold your yawn until later."

Last week as details of what Canada and 87 other countries had been working on since 1973 was announced, the yawns were about as frequent as competition computers and office beepers. Many markets have been created because their

goods will add more cheaply abroad. For these Canadian companies that might be hurt by cheaper imports in return, government support is coming.

While the argument will rage about whether it all amounts to less trade here or less trade there (see main story), Canada came out of it with more markets to enter, more free-trade deals, markets and better prices for farmers, industry, exporters and fishermen will face tougher competition from abroad but consumers will see lower prices and producers, efficiency improve. Tariffs were eliminated or reduced on forest products, machinery, chemicals and plastics, agricultural machinery, aircraft and other transportation equipment, building, fish, agricultural products and numerous metals. The struggling textile and clothing industry will continue to receive high levels of protection against cheaper Third World imports. There remains one area where Canadian manufacturers worry about stiff foreign competition: computers and office business machines. Some lobbyists involved in briefing federal

the GATT negotiations. "We came as close as we could at this stage to free trade. It's something I personally believe in. But sensitive industries such as textiles, footwear and agriculture require special considerations that are back."

In Washington, Democratic Senate Max Baucus, chairman of the Senate subcommittee studying the feasibility of a North American free-trade area, told *Money* in "The [latest agreement] is a major step toward free trade. But the real question is what we do next. Free trade is an obvious and essential development, but the major problem is Canadian sensitivities in this area. I am eager to start making contacts with Ottawa and get to know the new administration, then explore the issue very closely and very carefully." Baucus, who is the unofficial leader of a group of senators that share a view on trade with Canada, apparently means what he says. He told his subcommittee an international trade bill held hearings on the proposal in cities around the U.S., marking the first time in a century that the issue of a North American trade union has received such broad attention in the United States.

And within the U.S. administration itself, a top policy adviser to President Jimmy Carter commented: "The president will certainly go up to Ottawa in late September or October and meet with, with all that implies, will be his prime preoccupation."

The Barclay Hotel in Manhattan shares with the tenacity around it a commanding advantage for the powerful public figures by which shape the destiny of nations. By their volume of traffic and pressed discretion, the place can virtually guarantee anonymity to the highly recognizable visage of negotiators who gather there frequently to sort out the affairs of states. And it was at the Barclay that Robert Strauss, President Carter's special trade representative, former Canadian finance minister Jean Chrétien and Jake Warren, perhaps Canada's ablest negotiator, met on Feb. 25 to work out, in complete privacy, many of the final details that went into the agreement eventually put together in Geneva.

Warren says now that too much importance has been attached to the meeting, that it was one of several held during the winter between senior U.S. and Canadian officials and that, in any case, the new trade deal itself applies to transactions between the United States and Canada does not by itself represent a dramatic move toward closer economic integration between the two countries.

From the point of view of an experienced specialist, someone whose job was simply to write the most eloquent possible paragraph in the satisfying trade history of two centuries, Warren has a conviction that is completely accurate. After all, roughly 70 percent of Canada-U.S. trade is already free while, under the new agreement, the duty-free volume will increase to just under 86 percent, with corresponding reductions in non-tariff barriers and other obstacles. Immigration will still be restricted, there will be no notable reduction in the consumer price of Canadian cigarettes or whiskey, nor will there be any formal loss of political sovereignty. But looked at from the point of view of an average Canadian, lumbering under the assumption that his is a highly independent world-trading nation, what has emerged from the GATT negotiations is the capsule to a movement, often invisible, historical movement that has brought Canada closer than perhaps has ever been to a divisive decision over continental economic integration or some form of radical redefinition of the industrial future.

The muted arguments about free trade are older than Canada itself and even predate the American Civil War. In fact, from 1854 until 1892 there was a formal reciprocal free-trade agreement between the United States and the five provinces of British North America—Canada (Ontario and Quebec), New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland—an agreement that came apart mostly because Canada decided to boost its tariffs on imported manufactured goods. In 1909, the two countries again negotiated what was then called reciprocity and although it would have freed only about 10 percent of the total trade, it was enough to be instrumental in the defeat of the Liberal government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1911.

After the latest round of GATT agreements, Canadian officials pointed out

recently that Canada's import barriers had been lowered in relation to all its main trading partners, not only the United States. But most economists are equally convinced that, given the already existing patterns of Canadian trade, the major increases in the flow of imports and exports will take place between Canada and the United States. Ted Mitchell Wilson, international trade minister. "During the last few years, there has been a marked market reorientation of natural resources between Canada and the United States. The [trade pact] will assist this process and certainly anything we can do as a government to help . . . will be done."

John Connolly, former Texas governor, treasury secretary in President Richard Nixon's administration, and candidate for the 1984 Republican presidential nomination, is a bellhop guard of a man whose mainstream policy stance reverberates loudly through Washington's halls of power. One of his most recent declarations called for es-



Senator Baucus (above) and archival cartoon can virtually guarantee anonymity



tablishment of a free-trade area among Mexico, the United States and Canada. California Governor Jerry Brown is Connolly's antithesis in everything but his political aspirations. Brown is considered a potential challenger to President Carter for the 1988 Democratic presidential nomination. And Brown has also recommended trade of a North American free-trade area. The statement south of the border is clearly building a little-known clause in the 1974 U.S. Trade Act (Section 612) reads: "The president may initiate negotiations for a trade agreement with Canada to establish a free-trade area." And Section 1104 of the trade bill recently passed by the House of Representatives and the Senate Finance committee read:



James Earl Pearson

arms the province.

In Ottawa, it is difficult to find government officials willing to risk their reputations or perhaps their careers—by openly advocating a formal free trade, but among senior civil servants the idea appears to have at least as much support now as it did in 1968. The prevailing attitude seems to be that if Canada can be moved quietly, step by step into ever closer economic ties with the United States, why risk an emotional political debate by raising the issue publicly?

Whether the forces of protectionism and free trade will ever make themselves clear the storykeeping dim of statistics that accompanies the new round of trade talks in a country whose senior Bruce Hutchison once described as the "tough, dark, flexible child of error" seems highly doubtful. And the sheer volume of publicity about mutual win-win deficits, the monthly balance-of-payments reports and the tally of reserve totals now seems much more likely to smother the issue than a historic, inescapable movement toward it is far too late for anyone to affect the score.

## Spirits from beyond the grave

The top-secret telegrams clashing between the Canadian ambassador in Washington and the undersecretary of state for external affairs in Ottawa—Leslie Brown, Pearson's—were terse, almost poignant in their urgency and far more personal than diplomatic in tone. At stake was a subject in which both of them deeply believed: free trade between Canada and the United States. It was April 9, 1946, and the ambassador, Hume Wrong, and Pearson were beginning to realize that a formal

support in Canada.

- Under the proposal, Canada agreed to:
- Remove immediately all customs duties then applied to imports from the U.S.
- Remove, during a five-year period, quotas that had been imposed on certain U.S. exports for balance-of-payments reasons.
- Reserve the right to impose quotas on imported bulk fruits and vegetables.
- The United States would:
- Remove immediately all existing tariffs on imports of Canadian goods.
- Propose to eliminate duties on some Canadian products over five years.
- Reserve the right to impose special quotas on Canadian wheat and flour.

The private details of several petitions and civil servants involved make it clear that both Republican and Democratic congressional leaders in the U.S. were convinced as were Truman and Secretary of State George C. Marshall that the outline of the treaty would become a great support from American voters in the November 1948, presidential election in Canada. King was initially optimistic by British politicians that the treaty would not lead to future confrontation, political or financial integration.

Deutsch reassured that the United States represented a golden triumph of logic written into a constitution while the history of Canada was a victory over logic by means that had never been recorded. A free-trade pact, he argued, would show the world, especially war-torn Western Europe, how separate countries could unite economically while enhancing their own cultural distinction.

Prime Minister King and his minister—once offered warnings against the deal

agreement, providentially drafted by John Gushkin, then director of the external economic relations division of the federal finance department, was being supported by one of its staunchest backers, Prime Minister Mackenzie King. King's reasoning was far from clear and so none realized he had already confided to his diary that a "message" (sent beyond) was his chief motivation in withdrawing his support.

This letter of the body was seen by less than a dozen people, including senior U.S. and Canadian government officials, King and former president Harry Truman, and they have not been published before. Mitchell is convinced records to a copy of the document on the understanding that it would not be quoted directly but could be fully outlined. The top secret package presented to King by Deutsch 31 years ago concerned a long-term free-trade arrangement with the United States and the United Kingdom. However, accompanying documents made clear that the British deal was thought unlikely now to come to fruition and was extended only for political

consideration. King, who had already decided to retire before the end of 1946, had received his official warning against the deal and was also getting cold feet about a free-trade political bet. On a Sunday Easter Sunday evening, March 29, King, who two weeks earlier had washed his negotiators' (boasted) was his chief motivation in withdrawing his support.

The terms of the body were seen by less than a dozen people, including senior U.S. and Canadian government officials, King and former president Harry Truman, and they have not been published before. Mitchell is convinced records to a copy of the document on the understanding that it would not be quoted directly but could be fully outlined. The top secret package presented to King by Deutsch 31 years ago concerned a long-term free-trade arrangement with the United States and the United Kingdom. However, accompanying documents made clear that the British deal was thought unlikely now to come to fruition and was extended only for political



# Inside Nicaragua: Somoza's final days

"The dogs are back." That terse phrase circulates in the devastated slums of Managua, coupled with a Sandinista guerrilla radio announcement that a provisional government would shortly be set up in the Nicaraguan capital, named at week's end to herald a final onslaught on exiled dictator Anastasio Somoza. But before the brief emergency reports of the progress of the civil war first a largely adult story of rampant corruption and the suffering of innocent people. *Nicaragua's Washington Bureau Chief on Saturday filed this on-the-spot report.*

By William Lowther

A big blue neon jet, its markings mysteriously painted out, lands at Managua International Airport at about 9:30 every morning. Government workers scurry out to load it with frozen beef which it flies to San Salvador in the afternoon. The meat comes from a ranch house owned by Nicaragua's President Anastasio Somoza. The profits from its sale go into one of his many foreign bank accounts.

Officially, this trade does not exist, partly because just 10 miles from the airport, in the Nicaraguan capital, the president's people are starving. At least 300,000 refugees are relying on the Red Cross or the church to feed them. At about the same time as the blue jet takes off with its cargo of meat, 5,000 of the starving, ragged poor who seek shelter in the National Seminary are

being moved with their second and last meal of the day. Like the first it consists of a single tablespoon each of grain, rice and beans.

This is just one of the harrowing horrors of the latest phase of the civil war now going into its eighth week. Down by the shore of Lake Managua there is another. This is where Somoza's National Guard executes those whom it suspects of having consensated with its guerrilla opponents—the Sandinistas—and bodies lie rotting in the sun. Back at the airport there's a new riot as hundreds of middle-class Nicaraguans clamor, scratch and punch their way to the head of the lineup for a ticket that will take them to safety.

Here, too, Somoza takes his cut. He owns the Nicaraguan airline, Lanca, which has chartered extra planes to help deal with the rash. Somoza is said to be making \$150,000 a day from the reroutes. The story is painful. Even in defeat—for Somoza's future as dictator can be located in days rather than weeks—he profits. American sources say he is worth half a billion dollars and is the 95th-richest person in the world.

For Somoza, the end is near after 18 months of popular rebellion. As many as 12,000 Nicaraguans (some say 20,000) have died since the guerrillas launched their "final offensive" on May 27. Only a few guerrillas know how large the National Guard is now. One military authority says there are no more than 2,000 of them left, and most of these are

"baumbos" or entrained boys of 15 to 18 years old, their rifles sometimes as big as they are.

You frequently hear the phrase, "while the fighting continues, the war is over." And it's true. Of the major cities, only Managua, Chinandega and Rivas are still controlled by the government. The terms of peace are being decided by U.S. diplomats, representing the Somoza regime, and Sandinista junta leaders in San José, Costa Rica. A few days ago Somoza sent 35 new passports to the U.S. embassy to be stamped with entry visas. They were for himself, his son, his top officers and a few subalterns.

The dictator recently told American journalists that he is ready to leave as soon as he can negotiate a good deal for the national guardmen he must leave behind. The reality is different. The guardmen know that the Sandinistas will show them no mercy. So they are making sure Somoza stays in Nicaragua until they have a line of escape.

The masses of the poor, however, keep nothing of this. To them, Somoza presides over the radio that will "always defend our fatherland, without trace or rest, from the unjust aggression of international communism." While he stays secure in his concrete bunker, however, they run their daily guerrilla, the desperate search for something to eat, the desperate struggle to avoid being killed while searching.

One incident, witnessed by a Dutch photographer last week, serves as an example. Members of the guard were being chased across country by Sandinistas when they came across a farm. On their way through they shot a mother



AP/WIDE WORLD



AP/WIDE WORLD

The National Guard vs. the Sandinista guerrillas: not much left to inherit

and her two babies as she tried to shelter them in the kitchen. A wail who had run into another room was raped and then shot.

When the pursuing Sandinistas came on the scene less than an hour later the farmer, who had hidden in the fields, returned to his babies. The backs of their heads had been blown off by bullets. He tried to reshape their faces to his.

The guard has as its monopoly on brutality, however. The Sandinistas take few prisoners and have grown good at getting away of their troops into action.

It takes an hour and a half to drive the 12 miles from the airport to the capital. The two-lane road—lined with bayonet trees and the sort of plants Caribbean grow—is pockmarked heavily by hand-grenade blasts and dotted with paving-stone barriers set up at night by guerrilla ambush groups. Every two miles or so the National Guard marks a roadblock. Sometimes the soldiers let you pass with a quick look into the car, on other occasions you must get out, put your hands behind your head and while they poke into your suitcase with the muzzles of their rifles, looking for concealed arms.

There are four deaths when the guards find young men in a car. They wear all your teeth and elbows. Sometimes or scrapes are taken as evidence that they may have been crouching or kneeling at roadside and they are taken away for questioning.

Just before noon each day, a faded truck leaves the interrogation center behind Somoza's palace. On it are about a dozen blindfolded young men—stopped to the waist and bound with wire. There are also three guards, armed with Israeli-made Uzi submachine guns. At night, reports reach the bureau (Miami)—another group of captured bodies has been found on the lakeshore.

Managua has been rotting ever since the earthquake seven years ago—\$300 million in foreign aid vanished, with scarcely a brick to show for it, most of it into Somoza's pocket. This devastation has been heightened by the civil war. Three weeks ago the guerrillas held large sections of the barrios and Somoza sent his planes in to rocket and machine-gun them. The innocent poor suffered alongside the guerrillas. In looking they were afforded no more comfort than in times of peace—a dirt floor and a zinc roof. Bullets and shrapnel tore the shacks to pieces leaving nothing for wide areas but heaps of broken plywood and twisted metal.

Down near Somoza's bunker much of the middle-class residential area has been deserted, leaving the stuccoed houses to be pillaged and plundered. Seven years of tropical night has left extraordinary marks on older structures like the presidential palace, which used to have a south of paradise, and the city's main church, with its fluted pillars and arches. The vegetation is taking over.

During the dark-to-dawn curfew the guard shoots at anything that moves. Sleep is guaranteed by regular tear-gas as nervous sentries fire into the dark. Daylight reveals the tell-tale cuts and lumps, not guerrilla indications. They do not lie around for long. These days there is always a place in the cooking pot for someone else's family pet.

The war has all but stopped the flow of food from the farms and imports are few. Emergency airlifts from the U.S. are not yet organized sufficiently to ensure fair distribution. So for the past month looting has literally been a way of life. It has now stopped because there is absolutely nothing left to take. Plunderers have been picked bare so the

grinder. Stocks and floors have been taken. In the barrios the peasants trade their body for food or anything they can use. New computer parts are offered for chickens, bones of cosmetics or new clothing for a bag of rice or loaf of bread. People who have never seen a bathroom are trying to sell clogs of San Francisco.

Whoever takes over will inherit a land that is devastated—and broke. The cotton crop on which Nicaragua bases its economy has not been planted this year, so there will be no income for at least 12 months. It will take many millions to seed and prevent the disaster getting worse.

It will also take more political sense than the United States, which installed the Somoza dynasty 62 years ago, has so far shown. While it is true that Nicaragua could go Communist—and that what happens there could also happen in El Salvador and Honduras, two other fiefdoms of U.S. multinational interests—it is also true that the U.S. is only reaping what its lack of sensitivity to local feelings and needs has so evidently sown.

It now has somehow to steer a mid course between the ballyhoo indifference of the past and the policy of isolation it has pursued toward Fidel Castro's Cuba. What are the chances? Last week two conservative congressmen paid a lightning visit to Managua to promise their hero Somoza their support in his fight against communism. They also brought with them boxes of baby food and pharmaceuticals—a symbol of U.S. goodwill to a suffering people. There was only one catch. Those who saw the boxes arrive afterwards that each and every one bore the burning symbol of the Ka Khaz Khan. ◇

Australia

## The night the sky caught fire

The weekend Australian rancher and his wife, it might have been the arrival of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. As their farm animals bolted and cried out in frenzy, John and Elizabeth Selzer watched a swirling whirling of white lights turn on as they neared the earth. Then came a prolonged, deafening sonic boom, followed by a roaring wind and three bone-shaking thuds. For half an hour after the ground stopped trembling, the smell of burnt metal hung in the air. "It was incredible," said Selzer.

What the Selzers had witnessed was,

to find, the flight instructor of Skyline, the 77-line resort, spotted them. After 36,981 articles in its airport pages. After days of worldwide suspense, not even Skyline's custodian, the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), could produce its full pattern. Scientists at the last minute found it apparently heading for North America. So they tried its gun shrimpers to delay the crash for 36 minutes—just enough to meet Canadian and hot parts of Australia.

Whole some Australians were perturbed—only lady charged that NASA had made the move because it thought "only a bunch of kangaroo live here"—most scrambled to cash in on the rewards offered by US newspapers to anyone who could turn up with a remnant. Automobiles and jeeps converged on the area and every available aircraft in the Western Australian capital, Perth, was reported chartered.

The rest of the world, meanwhile, breathed a collective sigh of relief. Emergency officials from the Vatican to the Philippines had braced for disaster and many people had taken precautions of their own. A woman from Rayonite, New Jersey, died to Norway in India, families sent their children to places considered safe (by what criteria one was sure). In Denver, England, holidaymakers huddled in underground caves during the danger period. But there was genuine fear around the globe. In the Philippines, Simon Galvez reportedly died of a heart attack during a nightmare in which he cried out "Skyline, Skyline."

Each of the preparations was nevertheless light-headed. But eyes proliferated on U.S. buildings and laws. As one man explained, "The chances of the government hitting a target are nil." Parties (with appropriate paraphernalia) were livened and dime-store merchants did a roaring trade in hard hats and Skyline repellent. Newspaper caricatures had a heyday. London's Daily Mail took the theme of the unwanted relative and portrayed a headland perched on his roof, with a huge lone roller gonged as he shouted to his wife below: "Right, up! Love, come out quickly, I think I saw a Skyline!"

The bookmakers, too, had a good

Back to the crash, down to earth. Either "only a bunch of kangaroo live here" or "only a bunch of kangaroo live here"?



time in Las Vegas, a hotel reported taking in \$6,000 in bets on the landing site. In London, one woman phoned Ladbrooks, a leading bookmaker, to ask if the odds had odds on Skyline falling on Jersey Thorpe, the former Libyan leader recently acquitted on a number conspiracy charge.

By common consent, however, the biggest gambler were still the officials at NASA who put the odds at one in 158 that a person would be struck by falling debris. Not only were they nearly wrong, the risk could have been eliminated entirely if NASA had installed a rocket-launching system before Skyline's launch on May 14, 1973. But that guile, and additional supplies of propellant, were judged too costly (as estimated \$10 to \$50 million) and too heavy to be worth it. After it was all over, NASA did promise that it would never happen again on the same scale—Skyline was by

far the largest aircraft to crash in the desert. But that was small comfort when it also said that there are still 6,500 man-made objects orbiting the earth and falling at a rate of more than one a day.

James Fleming, with correspondents

## Turkey

### An established pattern of terror

Their non-de-guerre was Eagles of the Palestine Revolution and, after nearly two days of a siege which had claimed three lives, the four guerrillas were still holding about 15 hostages—including the ambassador—at the Egyptian Embassy in Ankara, the Turkish capital. In their 48-hour tenure they had successfully defied the efforts of the Turkish police and army units to take them down and showed no signs, either, of yielding to the blackthroats of Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) leaders down in from Syria to try to negotiate a bloodless exit.

Back in Cairo, the Egyptian government was quick to heap the blame on the already heavily loaded shoulders of Libya's Colonel, Muammar Khadaafi. When it was learned, however, that he had provided a base for his terrorist "Red" group known as "Al Saja" to which the Eagles belonged, but Western sources were quick to point out that Al Saja was part of a recently formed coalition of Palestinian terrorist groups from several countries operating on a rent-a-crime basis against supporters of the Egyptian-Israeli treaty. And the Eagles' opposition to that was simply clear from the list of their demands which, in addition to safe flight out to an Arab country, included a promise that Turkey should break off relations with Egypt and Israel and recognize the PLO.

The origins of Al Saja go back to the early 1970s, when Palestinians were able to form a state within a state in such countries as Lebanon and Jordan. It was a formidable force, backed by Syria, and equipped with half-tracks and heavy machine guns. But first Joe-

son's King Husein, then the Phoenicians (Christians) in Lebanon decided that enough was enough—and in a series of bloody battles they purged themselves of Al Saja, leaving it with no base.

In 1976, it reappeared in Libya, with a clandestine brief to "hit" opponents of Khadaafi's hard line. Operating on the principle that "the enemy of my friend is my enemy," Al Saja sent men to Egypt (where 37 were reported arrested in 1970), to Rome (the home of Libyan royalist King, King Hussein) and Syria.

Since that time, however, the peace talks between Israel and Egypt have led to a rapprochement between Libya and Syria, and the attempted unification of Syria and Iraq, the traditional base for other Palestinian terror squads. A joint strategy for terrorism among guerrillas has emerged.

The attack on the embassy was very much part of this pattern. The terrorists, who had flown in by Syrian passport, checked in over Thursday night at the Roma Hotel in downtown Ankara. Next morning they arrived at the embassy gate in a yellow Mercedes sedan and forced their way in by force and hand grenades, killing two guards in the process.

Once inside, they rounded up 18 hostages, including Ambassador Ahmed Kemal Girma and his son. Turkish police and army units quickly sealed off



Embassy under siege: Eagles not touched

the building. But every attempt to close it was met by a hail of bullets.

The terrorists were throwing words as well. In addition to their ransom demands—written in Arabic on a roll of paper and tossed through a broken window—there were threats by loudspeaker to kill a hostage every five minutes if their demands were not met.

After nearly a day of negotiating two of the hostages made a break for it, jumping from a ground-floor window armed. Hours later two more jumped.

James Fleming, with correspondents' files

### United they stood, divided they stand

It had always been a house of cards, and last week Thursday it crumbled. What has powered the world's most populous democracy for the past 26 months suddenly began to crumble. India's Janata Party came into conference down to its knees; the road to get rid of former prime minister Indira Gandhi, the national scene now deep. Tens of thousands of people had been jailed without trial and more than seven million completely debilitated during her 18-month "emergency." So Janata had no trouble with its first objective: ouster her and restoring civil rights.

But once those tasks were accomplished the problems started. The chief unanswered question: what to do next? It wasn't that there was a shortage of ideas. The long-run reality was because the Janata coalition contained some strongly opposed factions. On the far left, the wing was the Hindu socialist party, the Janata Singh, the most powerful social caste coalition backing behind the militant Hindu chauvinist group, the *ma* (Hindu) Swatantra Singh whose members are believed to have caused much of the in-



Moraji Desai in a house of falling cards

de Madras violence which this year alone has claimed more than 140 dead and 300 injured. On the left wing of the Janata were the vague Gandhian socialists supporting Deputy Prime Minister Charan Singh. King of the rightist group of five parties

from a third-floor window. Armored cars moved in under a full-scale from the terrorists' guns to pick them up. But one man, who had fallen on his head, died later of a fractured skull, while his corpse survived with a broken leg and ribs.

Turkish authorities and the PLO team, meanwhile, worked to break the deadlock. At nightfall Saturday, hopes that a compromise might be near were encouraged when the guerrillas suddenly released three of their female hostages. Nevertheless, fresh troops and 68 sharpshooters were moved to the scene—in case these hopes were to be availed.

James Fleming, with correspondents' files

was Moraji Desai, an elderly parliamentarian of 83. But last week he began to look more and more like a king without a throne as more than 50 coalition members defected, leaving him without a majority in parliament. The reasons for the decision were twofold. As former health minister B. J. Menon, whose disapproval of the house of cards toppled, said: "Moraji Desai is no government in this country today."

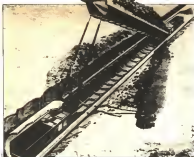
The other catalyst was voiced by industry minister George Fernandes, who said a combination of factors he had listed appeared at the heart of the Janata Singh—and therefore the fall—seemed to have been Desai.

By the end of last week, parliament was controlled in a no confidence debate with a vote scheduled for Monday. Desai, unopposed in an earlier session, was widely expected to win. But the odds were stacked against him. Even so, a government defeat would not necessarily result in a national general election. There could instead be a swift realignment of forces and the formation of another coalition—one opposed to Indira Gandhi. Desai said he had no idea.

But what would the new group be? And even if it could agree on that, would it be able to sustain against the strapping Indian bureaucracy to handle the crisis? At least a seed to one knew the answers.

Peter Newswand





U.S.A.

## No peace on earth for the angel of death

President Jimmy Carter last week sent his closest advisors into the Senate foreign relations committee to argue up one amendment upon another to the SALT II treaty which he desperately needs Congress to ratify to bolster his re-election chances. Among those who gave evidence were the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Their view was not in support, but only if the U.S. supremely modernizes its strategic forces. A key element of that modernization is the MX missile. But while Carter has given the go-ahead, an outcry is building over its deployment. Maclean's Los Angeles correspondent William Scobie reports.

**T**op U.S. military brass claim it is "vital to national security" California Governor Jerry Brown calls it a "\$70-billion boondoggle." Nevada's politicians grumble that it will make their gambling, tourism-related state "a nuclear hell-hole." Environmentalists protest that it will ruin a fragile, precious desert ecology. Yet the spark over the Pentagon's all-new MX missile has barely begun. The 35-ton monster, carrying 10 MIRVs—independently targeted warheads—each with the power of 30 Hiroshima bombs, is going to be a

major political issue over the next few years.

The MX (the missile experimental) is destined to change the face and the economy of the U.S. northwest. In the next week or two, President Carter is scheduled to announce his decision on how and precisely where the vast new complex—200 rockets by 1985—will be deployed. It is a decision of tremendous importance, both for the California aerospace industry and the people of four desert states, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona, where the Pentagon wants to site this secret-defense weapon. The MX needs a construction project described as "larger than the Alaskan pipeline." Ultimate cost could run as high as \$70 billion U.S. a year or more, but for the moment, the Pentagon's conservative price tag is \$38 billion.

The MX is the biggest land-based missile permitted under terms of SALT II, the new strategic arms agreement with the Soviets. And because of SALT II, Carter's aides are leaning heavily toward a "mobile" "boring mode" (bitterly known as "the slipper ditch.") Under this plan, 300 tunnels, each 30 miles long, would be dug across the four states. Each mis-

sile would rest on a huge, 300-ton, movable launcher carried along rails in an underground tunnel. Each tunnel would be studded with steel and concrete protective shelters. Among those 3,000 shelters, the 300 MXs would be constantly alerted, and in an effort to keep the Soviet military from guessing their whereabouts.

In time of war, the trench roof would pop up to release its angel of death. In time of peace, the ditch could be "unslipped" periodically to allow Soviet satellites to verify that the U.S. had not assailed an extra missile in, that violating SALT.

It would be a 4,000-mile rail system—equivalent to a coast-to-coast railroad. And it could take up an area of 2,000 to 4,000 square miles more, to prevent a Soviet ballistic missile's knocking out two or three MXs with a single strike. Those missile suburbs must be at least a mile apart.

In Carson City, state capital of Nevada, last week, lawmakers were distinctly cool toward the notion of placing this system in their backyards. Nevada already houses the big nuclear test site, from which explosives rock the gambling palaces of Las Vegas. "How much of the national defense burden should one state have to bear, also," Democratic congressman James Easton.

A Pentagon team is now visiting local leaders to peddle the plan—apparently the winner out of 35 "1978 best concepts" studied over the past six years. But Nevada Governor Robert List is insisting on a series of public hearings throughout the state before he gives any support to the upper ditch, although he talks of the "terrible boom" the project would give to the state economy. Other western leaders have expressed similar fears, especially after Jimmy Ray, former Chief of Staff, Lee Allen describe the southwestern deserts as "a sponge" that could soak up Soviet missiles.

The agile Brown, with an eye to next year's presidential campaign, denounces the program as "mass transit for missiles" (in guest-starred California, Brown is pushing a billion-dollar mass-transit scheme.) He charges that MX "shifts the American defense doctrine from mutually assured deterrence to a new posture where we light nuclear war."

"It doesn't do what it's supposed to do," says Brown. And what is that? Just what is it that the MX force could do that cannot be done by America's existing 1,064 land-based Minuteman and Titan missiles? In his speech to Congress on SALT II, Carter declared that this "unfathomable" mobile deployment system will enhance stability "by cancelling So-

viet chances of a "successful first strike." But congressional doves respond that MX is the ransom the president is paying for Senate ratification of the SALT II treaty. Carter, they charge, is throwing MX—a costly new idea—into Senate law in hopes of winning the 67 "yeses" that two-thirds vote needed for ratification.

But at least last month's decision to go ahead with the MX has made California's defense industry happy. It counts 50,000 new jobs and around \$5 billion in income for the state. Northrup alone will pick up a cool billion in contracts.

### Maryland

## The seminars on the mount

**F**or a full week, Jimmy Carter was more professor than president. After abruptly cancelling his scheduled July 5 television talk to the nation on energy, he ensconced himself in Maryland's Catoctin mountains at Camp David, the presidential retreat named after Richard Nixon's son-in-law. There he conducted seminar-like meetings with the nation's political, intellectual, financial and spiritual leaders in search of answers to the energy crisis.

Before his planned descent from the mountain Sunday night to tell the nation what he had learned (which, incidentally, was to go on-air as a series called *Moses the Lawgiver* on CBS), he had seen more than 150 people ranging from civil rights leader Jesse Jackson to Senator Henry Jackson, from New York's mayor, Edward Koch, to the ex-convict and Tennessee Governor. He had also made a bizarre side trip to Martinsburg, West Virginia, to hear from some ordinary people.

Those who went to Camp David—in shifts by helicopter from the White House lawn—found a casually dressed president seated at a large oak table. After some brief opening remarks, Carter opened the floor to his guests. As they spoke he made notes with a blue, felt-tipped pen on a yellow, legal-size note pad. He received advice ranging from the substance of his policies to the style of his politics. ("Don't read your speeches," Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton told him. "Don't worry so much about the Yale-Penn State/Thoroughbred, Carter give little talk away about his plan.")

Gradually, however, word began to leak out. It was rumored he was considering reversal of gasoline prices. (This was emphatically denied by Press Secretary Jody Powell.) It was reported he



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was going to free Energy Secretary James Schlesinger (Powell did not exactly deny this but said it was "uninformed speculation.") It was said he would announce a new deal with Mexico and Canada to increase shipments of crude oil to the U.S. (This was denied by everybody—Canada, for one, has no surplus oil to offer.) And it was disclosed he would pour hundreds of millions of dollars into the production of synthetic fuel from coal, which the U.S. has in abundance.

While Carter considered his options, some of the problems that had confronted him when he went to Camp David began to look after themselves. The Reagan oil gas stations disappeared. The strike by independent truckers faded out, and the oil shortage promised to ease as the Saudis and Iraqis began announced plans to increase exports.

But there was more bad news to balance the good. The U.S. is, the administration at last conceded, in a recession and both unemployment and inflation rates will be higher in December than at the end of last year. Americans also learned they will have to pay more for



New York

## As he sowed, so he reaped

They called him "The Godfather" and "the boss of all bosses." But the titles were more a tribute to Mario Puzo's novel than to the real life of Carmine Galante's life. There was nothing romantic about the 49-year-old Galante, who was killed in classic gangland style as he finished lunch in a Brooklyn restaurant last week. "He was violent, absolutely violent," says Chief Assistant U.S. Attorney William Tandy, who successfully obtained a drug conviction against Galante which sent him to jail from 1962 to 1974.

Galante started building his fearsome reputation early. Born in New York's East Harlem to immigrants from the Sicilian town of Castellammare del Golfo (the birthplace of a score of gangland notables) include Joseph (Joe Bonanno) Bonanno, Galante was first sent to reform school at the age of 16 and later enhanced his reputation with the reputed assassination of Italian-American newspaper editor Carlo Trevisi in 1963. Trevisi, an outspoken opponent of dictator Benito Mussolini, reportedly was killed on the Mafia's personal tribute to D. I. Duce. But it was only a murder among many. In all, Galante was estimated to have been involved in some 100 homicides.

Religious conviction was not Galante's only speciality. In the early 1960s, he made connections with European gangsters that led to the drug pipeline

Galante's body classic gangland lunch

known as "the French connection." He was in the process of extending that connection to Canada when he was deported from Montreal in 1965. Galante also is reported to have organized "the Havana connection" which, with the assistance of the pre-Castro regime of Fulgencio Batista, used Cuba as a supply and transport station for narcotics bound for the United States.

Aside from such profitable ventures, Galante spent more than half his life in jail. But that didn't stop him acquiring a mistress, Ann Aquaviva, as well as a wife whom, as a "good Catholic," he did not divorce. And after he was paroled in 1974, says New York police Mafia expert Lieutenant Bruno Franzese, he "found he would become a power house. He was into everything—narcotics, pornography, loan sharking, loan rackets." Ironically the federal government may have had a hand in giving Galante his "boss of bosses" title. The first mention of his association came in a report of the Drug Enforcement Administration which was linked to the press.

Galante himself got into the act, promoting himself in his new role. But his efforts had a double advantage: "I wanted to be known as a media event and generated too much heat," says Thomas Puccio, head of the Organized Crime Strike Force in Brooklyn. So they ostracized his call. As he slipped away and late grapes on the small terms of Joe and Mary's marriage, five day-stationed gunmen moved him down. "To tell you the truth, it didn't surprise me at all," confessed Puccio. "What really is more surprising is when one of these guys dies in bed."

Bria Christopher

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Carter meeting "Don't read your speeches"

Canadian national gas, following a decision in Ottawa last week to raise the export price from \$2.11 to \$2.19 U.S. per thousand cubic feet. On the political front, Carter leaders were moving away from Carter toward Senator John Kennedy, California Governor Jerry Brown and even the Republicans. And while Democratic governors endorsed Carter for reelection, another 12 were silent or ambivalent.

No president since Dwight Eisenhower in the sleepy 1950s has served two full terms in office. Carter had hoped to reverse that trend, but time was running out on him as he prepared to address the nation Sunday night. As Stuart Eizenstat, his domestic policy adviser, warned him in a memo issued to the press, "We should use this opportunity well and with all our skill. If we fail to do so, the late hour may foreclose a similar opportunity again coming our way."

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## Let Kelly work for you.



By Hal Quinn

It's been a long and painful road.—John McNeil, president, Montreal Expos

It was April 8, 1969, Shea Stadium, New York. The sun streamed into the park, trying furiously to out-beam Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau. CBS TV and radio crews scrambled for schools-of-five vintage photos, and American baseball fans were introduced to multiples of "stand on guard for thee."

In the top of the eighth inning in this first-ever Expo and international major league baseball game, with two runners on base, Mets pitcher Al Jackson delivered Jose (Coco) Labey launched the ball out of the park. The Expo won 11-10 and started down that long, painful road.

It is now just past the mid-point of the Expos' 11th season. Labeled in press in Puerto Rico, and of his former Expo team-mates, John Bonafantella sells appliances, Bill Stoneman advertising, Mark Jones is on a chemical plant assembly line—and the Expos don't play at Jarry Park anymore.

The Expos have misadventured to respectability, their route to Olympic Stadium and first place in the National League East done with bunched trades, dropped flyballs and an addiction to losing streaks that threatened records.

# REACHING FOR THE PENNANT

The changing out of characters has caused at various times to lose 20 games in a row, play 30 innings at home without scoring a run, lose by 14 runs—twice, and commit 184 errors in a single season.

The Expos were an expansion club, and they played like one. "The Mets spoiled it for the rest of us," said John McNeil, watching his team last week from his glances-in booth in Olympic Stadium. (The New York Mets won the World Series in their eighth year.) But that year the Expos are an expansion



Peretz at the plate. Peretz in a slide as long as the sweetest aspiration team

champion Philadelphia Phillies won only one last. Their only losing record with division rivals was against the Chicago Cubs, and that was four wins, six losses. At home in the Olympic Oval that team built the Expos have been awesome. Going into the last weekend before the All-Star break, they had won 29, lost only 18—three of the losses coming last week. There they are, the old, laughable, lovable Expos, in first place at midseason.

The transformation to legitimacy began in 1976, the year of the youth movement. It was the gamble that is now paying off. Montreal management decided to bring up the best from their farm teams, outsidens Warren Cromartin, Andre Dawson and Elton Valentine, joined third-baseman Larry Parrish and catcher Gary Carter who had been brought up in '76. All are now looking on stardom.

"We thought we'd start slow," said McNeil as he watched his team in action last week. "It was tough to build for a while, but you can't trade for a championship. You have to have a nucleus of young players to succeed." McNeil looked up as San Francisco's Darrell Kestner lined a shot to right field in Olympic Stadium. Elton Valentine

## The Spaceman cometh

On his brotherhood, he's Wilkes from the L.A. On and off the record, for baseball commissioners and officials, he's a "freak." The sports world's monster for anyone whose first power limit for and control isn't understood. But to the 30-year-old pitcher a fellow player and fan, he's the "Spaceman."

The six-foot-three-inch, 205-pound Coleman stands head-in-the-clouds above his peers at the field. He casually inhaled a dying baseball, but he didn't smoke cigarettes—but smoked it on his pitcher. That brought a few from the league commissioner (Yeh Dawe, kept on his Eisenhower face and inhaled around) and headlines in the Montreal press event before he took down. On the field, in 10 years with the Boston Red Sox, he won 94 games, lost 68, compiling a 3.64 earned-run average. He was traded to the Expos this year because Boston's management and manager Don Zimmer wanted to get rid of their "freak."

After striking 17 pitches for the Expos this year, he scored two runs and hit himself for a 3.28 ERA. Last week he shut out the L.A. Dodgers 3-0. Releasing in the dugout at Olympic Stadium the next day as the Expos look billing, criticism, Lee bounced a few thoughts off the wall.

● Chances. But just if it's a hole in the field out there. That was next to nothing.  
● This town really cooks. You know they say if you want to have fun in Orleans—take the first train to Montreal.  
● I'm in good shape. I play every day. I can get to a base real quick. I have trouble turning corners.

took it on one hip and fired to Tony Perez at first base. A shocked Kestner was out by five feet—dugout out by an outfielder.  
"You just don't see that play," McNeil shouted above the roar of the crowd. The standing ovation for Valentine lasted two minutes. "What a fantastic throw. That guy has a baggy-whip arm."

The Expos bracketed the talented youngsters with veteran Tony Perez and free-agent second-baseman Dave Cash, and traded for shortstop Chris Speier. Last year they added free-agent pitcher Russ Grandy who won 20 games for them. After last season's management and coaches sat down and analyzed each player on the squad and decided how to improve the team. By spring, they had a contender.

They got rid of all their substitute players except Timmy Lincecum, a career 300-pitch artist. They traded outfielder

- Baseball players are the people who lead into the ring.
- This is a "spacely" world and we have general beliefs. All we can do is drink. It's an end to it.
- My conscience tells me to be a substance abuser.
- Ah, Vancouver Island. I'd like to become an Indian and get all those fishing rights.
- Once you believe in something, you produce yourself. That's why I don't believe in anything. I hope you can read. I don't believe in anything, but I don't believe in anything.
- I heard Jimmy Carter said he had total control of the U.S. government. That shows how dumb he is. He thought he had control to begin with.

Lee: playing a kid the longest



Son McNeil to Chicago and got Rodney Scott (who beat out Dave Cash at second base) and off to Jerry White. They traded utility infielder Stan Page to Boston and received the notorious "Spaceman" Bill Lee (see box) on return. After 17 starts as pitcher, Lee had nine wins—for the price of a guy who couldn't make the team. To top it off, they signed free-agent relief pitcher as Elias Sosa. "I was offered more money by three other teams," says Sosa. "But I liked the way the Montreal management handled the negotiations and so I came here. Anyway, it's more fun to play here than in Toronto."

The dramatic move is reflected in the stadium and the new office. Montreal had a low affair with the Expos since the first club and only days of Le Grand Orange, Hasty Shug, in little Jerry Park where they played until 1976. But now the fans are leaving after their summer games. For the first





**I**t was a victory salute, a brush thrust of an arm that reached cloudb-high from the chlorinated broth of 2000 swimmers to the tropical shade overhead. It was notable in that it was the only time a Canadian swimmer had cause to gesture with such benevolence. And when Anne Gagnon, the 25-year-old from Beauport, Quebec, had towelled down, her single sentence told the story of the VIII Pan-Am Games: "I guess we were all a little tired of hearing *The Star-Spangled Banner* being played." It was a story that everyone knew by heart.

Since their start in 1901, the Pan-Am Games have been little more than a quadrennial cakewalk for the U.S., a deal made of sorts—the Secretariat of America against the pit ponies of the Americas. It is perhaps the only international sports event in which the overwhelming majority actually believes that winning isn't the only thing. Finishing second in This year's 15 days of Games, which opened under the tightest security since the Munich Olympics and closed with more than a kilogram of gold, silver and different medals than others did, despite obvious pro-silver judging and blatant anti-American sentiment, the Yards' awestruck contingent showed that they were head and shoulders above the competition. Proving once again that they could do so was the Pan-Am Games and (b) barely broke into Olympic news, while it barely broke into

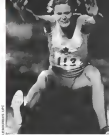
Meerowille, Canada, which spent \$1.2 million carting its caged athletes to San Juan, and Cuba, whose 50-member delegation ferried to the Puerto Rican shores in a ship called *Vietnam Heroic*, fought for second spot in the Afro-Ban-Au Games. That left a mere 30 other western hemisphere countries battling for the collar. Nicaragua would have made it 31, save for the fact that getting the shot and throwing the

hanger are low on the scale of domestic priorities these days

The American's dominance was no more evident than in the Pan-Am swimming, where they swept 28 of the 30 events. Five on the strength of 17-year-old Californian Cynthia (Sissy) Woodhead's Herculean stroke and while Canada's Gagnon was the surprising exception to the American's pool rule, Edmonton's hero, Graham Smith, was a lost soul, the world record holder in the 200-metre individual medley and the 400-metre gold medalist at last year's Commonwealth Games, barely managed to win a silver in his specialty. It was one of the 27 medals Canada won in the drink.

On the brighter side, a trio of western women—pentathlete Deanne Jones Koschewsky, synchronized swimmer Helen Vanderburg and gymnast Monica Goemann—emerged from the slushy, rain-plagued, \$50-billion Games as heroines, amounting for five of Canada's golds. Calgary's Vanderburg, the world champion, won the solo event and teamed with Kelly Kryczka to take the duet top medal, then helped the Cana-

Canadian gold-medallists Gagnon, Jonas Karpowicz and hammer-thrower Scott Nelson. Secretariat vs. the pit ponies



due team to a silver. Winnipeg's Goormans, a 16-year-old stringbean, captured the individual heaviest in women's gymnastics and led the Canadian team to the gold medal. Jones Kuzhowski, the Goldsberg of the Commonwealth Games and a bright light on the 1980 Olympics horizon, had less trouble winning her gold medal than she had

claiming it at the Sixto Eschobar Stadium. As living proof that you win some, you lose some, the twice pentathlete was stranded in her bikini and forced to borrow a truck suit for the medal ceremony after thieves had robbed her of clothes, money and airline tickets earlier in the day. The most of Canada's gold medal haul came from the more or less amateur mass legions who toil in amateur athletics: the rowers and cyclists, rowers, weightlifters and hammer throwers.

When the Games ended Sunday, Canada had improved its medal count from previous years, but had finished third for the third time. Although many Canadians would go home without a medal, they would take home memories that would return their memories. For some, like Quebecer Jeanne Jacynthe, the Pines, St. Jean would be the site of a lifelong romance—born, with Cuban heavyweight boxing champ Teófilo Stevenson, because a love story which caught the fancy of the two athletes. For others, the Games would remind them of the athletes' village, a stifling complex without air conditioning and rife. Canadian journalists had a more somber memory, of their colleague Edmonton Sun sportswriter Doug Gill, whose car was killed in an automobile accident.

Most of all, the VIII Pan-Am Games would be recalled as the competition, where finishing third was almost as good as placing second, almost as good as winning.

**Jose O'Hara**

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## Technology

# The eye that speaks its name

**E**ric Brown placed an ordinary, open book face down on a machine, pressed a button, and the apparatus began to read to him in a clear and resonant baritone. Called the Kurzweil Reading Machine (KRM), a unique synthesis of the latest computer, computer and artificial intelligence technologies, the device gave Brown, who has a severe visual impairment, his first major breakthrough for blind people since the invention of Braille in 1839. Director of aids and appliances for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, Brown says: "This is marvelous! I say 'because it seems [to me] as if I'm talking to you, as if I'm talking to you with you.' As well as reading the book, the machine told Brown things like, 'I can't see the next line.' Or 'The page is tilted.' It can read out pronunciation, spell out words, speak faster or slower or function as an advanced, programmable speech synthesizer and a synthetic voice scanner in existence, says Brown, to recognize every texture, noise Brown, to recognize every texture, noise Brown,

Canada's first KEM arrives at the University of Ottawa's library next month. (One hundred and fifty have already been sold in the U.S., England and Australia.) According to Genet, the useful professor of mechanical engineering and currently the only blind professor on the University of Ottawa campus, "The real significance of the machine is that it has the capability to help blind people integrate in a society. It gives them the ability to use their own power that could be generated, it wouldn't be a bad government investment. (The machine costs \$200,000.) It gives Keweenaw to the potentially handicapped of Canada's 30,000 blind people. In only a few years, the taxable persons of their country will be able to repay the investment, and the more the welfare would be reduced."

Bernice Shapiro, marketing manager for Kinnelco Computer Products in Cambridge, Massachusetts, says the machine still isn't perfect. "We're constantly working on improving the computer's program logic." As for the price, it's hoped that a cheaper, briefcase-sized model will be ready within the decade. The current desk model has already been reduced in size by half and costs 60 percent of what the original prototype did six years ago.

Hulse-Ward

## Press U.S. scribes awake to the sleeping giant

**W**hen Andrew Malcolm, *The New York Times* correspondent in Toronto, received his property tax bill this year it was not the charge that startled him but the wording—in English, French, Spanish, Italian, Greek and Chinese. Such splendid multilingualism prompted Malcolm to write a long article about the ethnic diversity of Toronto.

Biney has opened the Toronto bureau last August, the ginger-moustached Malrobin has seen more of Canada than most Canadian newsmen have in a lifetime. He has written about the Yukon, about the economy of Cape Breton, aircraft contracts, the James Bay development, the take-over trends in big business, the new separatists of the West, the Grey Cup as a social event, unemployment, the dollar, even an article on what to see and do in Toronto. And, of course, he has written about separatism and Quebec and about energy resources. In all, the *Times* coverage of Canada

Malware, increase in Canadian cybercrime

has increased dramatically during Malcolm's 11-month stay

The U.S. government no longer perceives Canada as the silent, sleeping giant of the North. It perceives it as a problem. Then the increased interest by the U.S. press, especially in the last year. The Times also has an Ottawa bureau staffed by Henry Ottinger—mainly Canada, the only country outside the

U.S. where the newspaper has two bureaus. In the past year, Stanley Meislin has opened a Toronto bureau for the Los Angeles Times and another bureau in the city has been opened by Jim Newbaker of the Detroit Free Press. Dunker Dodder of The Washington Post covered the federal election and frequently is sent to Canada on special assignments.

Just before Premier René Lévesque went to Washington earlier this year to suit-off American newsmen on his denials to break up Canada, William Safire wrote a column in *The New York Times* which left no doubt about where most Americans stand "Forget the nonsense," he wrote, "and do not be

tailed by the gentle euphemisms and evocations of 'self-determination' by Canadian nation-splitting Americans on both sides of the U.S.-Canadian border would do well to drop their complacency and face up to the threat posed by this skilled, fiercely determined revolutionary.<sup>10</sup>

Russell Shaker, resident wit and social commentator for the Times, recently spent a month in Canada and wrote a column about Toronto "After three days in residence, our delegation noted an absence of hysteria that was almost intolerable and took to consuming large portions of black coffee to maintain our normal state of irritability. The local people to whom we complained in hopes of providing comfortably noisy confrontations declined to discuss bellevue."

Nevertheless, the fresh-faced correspondent for the Detroit *Free Press*, was raised in the Detroit area, but his knowledge of Canada was limited to the falls at Niagara and the occasional Sunday drive. Before he arrived last year, he was briefed by a U.S. state department official who gave him this view of Canada: "It was there, and we liked it. Why mess around with a good thing? But times have changed and things are different. It's not good enough anymore. We have too many mutual interests. We had better know what they are thinking."

Member of the *Los Angeles Times*, who had assignments in Africa, Mexico and Spain before being sent to Canada, says his newspaper has been thinking of opening a bureau for six or seven years. "We have 18 full-time foreign bureaus and you can't really justify not having one in Canada."

Dodier: *The Washington Post* has been antagonized on and off in Canada because other assignments in Moscow and Eastern Europe since 1971. He spent three months in Canada this year and sees an improvement in U.S. coverage. "They've realized that all of a sudden the country might fall apart. If Canada fragments, how do we deal with it? I think it could go either way. I don't see a huge struggle. I don't see [Prime Minister Joe] Clark wading in the troops, but there is potential for conflict after the referendum. If I become leader, I could see trouble from the radical elements among his own people."

Malcolm of the Times, like the others, decided to base himself in Toronto. He felt there would be too much government reporting in Ottawa and that he would be closer to the business powers in Toronto rather than in Montreal. When he told friends in the States that he would be moving to Toronto, they said, "Super." But when he came north, Torontonians would say, "Why would you come here?"

Marvin Gonsky



# Climbing inside the earth

The thumping Jet Ranger II helicopter sets down lightly on the ridgepole above the west Vancouver Island town of Gold River. Two vinyl-suited figures tumble from the chopper, snatch rope and gear from its flanks and hurry to the lip of a gaping tear in the mountainside. As the Jaws men creep higher, they string thin nylon ropes down the hole and descend into the darkness. They will not see the sun for 10 hours. They are spelunkers, or cavers, and they are entering the belly of Qs, the veins and capillaries of the limestone massif known as The White Ridges. If it "goes," if a passage can be found to the bottom of the ridge 2,000 feet below, it will be the deepest cave in Canada.

The two cavers, Paul Griffiths, 28, and Karen Bischoff, 24, drop into the yawning volcano rose, dominated by a 30-foot stalagmite of eight-foot-thick ice. Sweeping the more rock, nature's headlamps, they climb through a small fissure in the roof and along a constructed 40-foot "ladder," bumping head-to-toe like skittering beetles. The black silence is broken only by their own movements and grunts of exertion, until they pop into another high-ceilinged cavern and Griffiths repeats the whoop of exhilaration he let out when he first discovered it three years ago. It is a 187-foot vertical pit, the key to the continuation into the guts of Qs. He called it, not without Provencal humor, Deep Mucker. From here they will follow schematic maps and survey, painstakingly drawn over the years, into passages and chambers far more regal and extensive than Chapeau's tomb.

The sort of people attracted to caving are in the tradition of 19th-century adventure-seekers, except that Canada's 750 organized cavers have exchanged ruffled shirts and beaver hats for rugged nylon suits and knee and elbow pads. Rather than lugging lanterns and barometers up mountain-sides, cavers choose to drag their equipment in rip-proof sacks tied to their feet along passages so restricted they can be negotiated only by exhaling their



Is entrance (left). Griffiths handling port ice star into 'volcano room' (above), vital wind for ads (below). Quiet places, tight spaces



breath. Most movement is via routine rope work and classic climbing techniques, though on occasion more exotic methods are employed, such as scuba diving in submerged passages or dynamiting (Griffiths, an environmental biologist, received explosives training in France from a former Algerian terrorist survival cover).

Vancouver Island, with 300 known limestone caves, is the paradise of Canadian caving, although exciting preliminary finds have been made in Newfoundland and the Northwest Territories. In the East, cavers generally explore in smaller holes around Ontario's Niagara escarpment and in the Gaspé and Lac St. Jean areas of Quebec. In the winter, eastern cavers move south to West Virginia or occasionally Mexico and Guatemala.

But it is the East that has seen the worst and most senseless examples of the caver's megalomaniac vandalism. "In Ontario, all the cave formations that can easily be destroyed have been," says Kirk MacGregor, president of the 50-member Toronto Caving Group. The species of this on Vancouver Island has sparked an unfortunate outbreak of "spiteo-patriotism" among the 150 British

Columbia cavers, with one 20-member group advancing and speedily placing gains in front of less fragile caves. Most Canadian cavers oppose the move, claiming that the prices simply attract vandals. The BC dispute has led to the closing of Canada's first provincial park from cave conservation and caving safety. Its report is expected early next year.

Unlike the mountaineering question, the why of caving is easily answered. "Where the hell else is 1979 can you do original exploration without a million dollars worth of hardware around your ears?" asks Derek Ford, 44, professor of geography at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, and leading Canadian expert on speleology. (A serious caver can expect to spend up to \$600 on specialized clothing and gear.) But there is also, in the Vancouver-borne palate of Canadian cavers, great impetus, a sensual component—the blackness that the adjective "dark" fails utterly to convey and the silence broken only by the heartbeat of dripping water. "Aside from the silence and the discovery end of it," says Kirk MacGregor, "caves are cool and dark. They're just a more place to be." **Thomas Hopkins**



## At it again: Adam versus the apes



**T**he United States has once again turned the fall night of its judicial system on considering the problem of the apes: how did we all get here in the first place? From court to court, the question is in full cry now as creationists and evolutionists fight a battle of fines and division. "I guess I just can't accept god at all," Adam and Eve," said a professor backing the Darwin side at a debate in Washington, D.C. "No," replied his opponent—a Genesis man—"and I can't believe that monkeys turn into men."

Not once Clarence Darrow addressed the jury in the Scopes monkey trial 54 years ago has there been so much controversy over apes and Adam, Darwin and the deity. As theory to theory, as bases as faith, the argument is reaching a peak with the creationists taking a whole new tack in a fight to have their beliefs given equal time in high-school and college science classes.

In Washington, the internationally renowned Britannica Inc. has recently won the first round in court, and is now combating an appeal, to keep an evolution exhibit open against the wishes of a Birminghams resident. In states from New York to California, moves are afoot to give the *creation* of creation an airing in schools. State legislatures have been flooded with bills. At least two court cases are under way—the most significant in California—to have "creation" taught to secular students.

It is the new tactics that have brought the issue into play. From Creationists now maintain that they are not linking their beliefs with the Bible and that they are not advocating Bible study in public schools—a subject which the Supreme Court has ruled decisively against. They claim that crea-



Charles Darwin and two theories of how we came to be battle for equal time

tion deserves to be presented as a scientific theory, with as much persuasive evidence to back it up as evolution.

Robert Sloan, professor of paleontology at the University of Minnesota, says, "What you have is a bunch of right-wing conservatives upset at what they perceive as an infringement on religious freedom, and they're trying to disguise it in the form of a scientific controversy. They indulge in every kind of logical fallacy to state a rather obvious case."

What upsets Sloan most is a body known as the Institute for Creation Research with headquarters on the campus of Christian Heritage College in San Diego, California. The institute has 35 employees, a \$475,000 annual budget and a goal of "bringing about a reversal of belief in special creation as the true explanation of the origin of the world."

They have prepared a library of textbooks, monographs and filmstrips to back up their arguments and are ag-



gressively arguing with school boards throughout the nation to add the creationist theory to curricula. They also send out highly trained speakers to debate with evolutionists. And, as a result, the creationists tend to win their public-opinion battles. Richard Bliss, director of curriculum development at the institute, says "We win because the scientific data for the creation model is far better than the evolution model. They retreat toward the religious—we stick to the science."

Bliss adds, in explanation, that "when you look at the fossil record, and the sedimentary rock, it screams out that there was a great catastrophe, that it was buried suddenly." He says that when evolutionists hear this argument, and its parallels to the biblical flood, "they seem to be puzzled that what we are proposing is religious."

Dan Menton, a creationist who is an associate professor of anatomy at Washington University in St. Louis, says, "The scientific evidence for creation is overwhelming. More and more reasonable scientists are speaking out against this silly theory of evolution. Look, for instance, at such incredible structures as the human eye. They make our most complicated computers look like home-can openers." He adds "Is it possible to account for this by random chance, as the evolutionists do?"

John Jensen, an Iowa state senator who has introduced the bill to require the teaching of creation alongside evolution, argues that there is no fossil evidence of any one animal developing into another. He says "I'm a farmer and we're raising better cattle than we used to. But when we cross cattle, we get cattle. We don't get dogs."

William Lowther

## Betting on the past

**H**oping to get itself the goal four years ago of making adequate health care available to everyone in the world by the year 2000, the World Health Organization has intensively not been busy encouraging the training of physicians. Instead, it has strongly urged the use of traditional healers and their ancient techniques, and as part of its global plan, the United Nations agency, along with the Italian government, recently sponsored the first scientific research centre devoted to the healing craft of witch doctors. Located in Rome, the centre will train with doctors as well as Western physicians and auxiliary personnel such as birth attendants. It will also grow and test medicinal plants.

"The provision of health care for all," says Dr. Halfan Mabler, director general of WHO, "can hardly be attained without harnessing the resources of traditional healers, birth attendants and herbalists. What they offer is by no means an expedient acceptance of an inferior science."

Although some Western doctors may frown, WHO believes that with doctors have, in fact, got the answer to many ailments such as asthma, dysentery, epilepsy and leprosy. Their practice of applying spiders' webs as a dressing for the severed umbilical cord, for example, horrified scientists until the webs were analysed and found to have antibiotic properties.

It is certainly impossible, says WHO,

Which doctor's training away what will you

for developing countries to meet their staggering health care problems by training doctors and nurses. It would take two long and cost too much. Compared to Western nations like Canada, where there is one doctor for every 280 people, are countries such

as Ethiopia with one for every 84,000. Says one WHO specialist, "One million dollars can educate 15 doctors, or 30 nurses, 300 auxiliary health workers, or it can buy vaccines for a million children. Which would you choose?"

At a recent conference in Rome, leading Western physicians met their traditional medicine colleagues and were in agreement about the role traditional medicine has to play that they recommended offering financial rewards to witch doctors to encourage them to divulge their secrets.

Thomas Land

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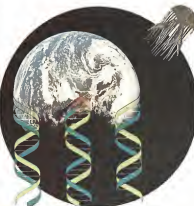
# A summer full of science

THE MIND AND THE UNIVERSE  
by Lewis Thomas  
Penguin Classics \$19.95

Lewis Thomas writes so quietly that a reader has to listen carefully. This is an art some rarely found these days: essays short enough to make a single point. Thomas—author of the National Book Award-winning *The Lives of a Cell* and president of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center—writes succinctly about the meaning of biology and the meaning of life. Because of the recent developments in understanding in detail the chemistry of organic activity, biology and life seem to be different things. By using such a metaphor to explain the other, Thomas shows us that the two are—or at least can be—one.

Rather than starting with the grand thought to organize the data, he starts with the small and finds what is grand about it. The core is reasonable, the attitude humble. Above all, his topic is the self. Beginning with the weird symbiotic relationship of a species of jellyfish and snail, he maintains that the self is primary, multiple and only to be understood in relation to the world. He writes about the case of a warship who had eight wives. "Eight strikes me personally as a reasonably small and easily manageable number. It is the simultaneity of their appearance that is the real problem." I've had, in my time, more than I could possibly count or keep track of. Biologist, ethnologist, historian, physicist, theorist—many of Thomas' wives make their appearance in the 25 essays that comprise this book. Some of them are outright human persons, which recall the works of E. B. White, but even the serious lesson on writing at the perfection of his insight.

Some of his theories are far-fetched, some twist the controversies that color his science. For example, he talks about the possibility of three being genes for darkness without explicitly mentioning the fierce debate over sociobiology that was the background of his remarks. The book is most thought-provoking when Thomas is at his smallest. A quirky essay on New Yorkers changing goldfish into the ponds that form an extended excavation leads us to ask about the relation of genes and the wild as mediated by pets. His essay on Montaigne makes us want to read the latter entirely. It is a book all who think and all who want to write will enjoy.



THE EIGHTH DAY OF CREATION  
HARRISON OF THE REVOLUTION IN BIOLOGY  
by Francis Crick and James Watson  
(Morton, \$21.50)

I suppose often think that molecular biology is reductionist by concentrating on each slice of the "tapestry of life," the grand design in nature. Judson's history of the science brings us face to face with what the scientists have come to see not as a system of miniature elements but as an infinitesimal world as complex and rich as life itself.

Judson makes things clear—not easy, for he is not popularizing in the usual sense, he relates and explains all the technical details, making the book a chore to finish. The information begins to blur, one forgets the difference between placentomeres and paracenters, the detail is overwhelming and then, because Judson has been such a patient guide, when the scientist glimpses the

end, we share the wonder. There are many such moments in the book, for "Biology has proceeded not by great set-piece battles but by multiple small-scale victories—guerrilla actions—across the landscape." Not one Newton or Einstein but hundreds, not are blinding flash but many insight, Judson implies, in a process, not a moment. It is in his great credit that at each step he narrates what was not yet known. It is easy to forgive, for instance, just how recent is the discovery that DNA is the stuff of which genes are made.

Judson maintains that the revolution has consisted of a growing appreciation of the specificity of biological molecules. The structure of DNA contains a mind-boggling amount of specific information which brings about production of the specific molecules needed, thus uses highly specific in structure and function. The three dimensions of the book

describe and explain the discovery of each of these facts.

He has interviewed 128 people involved (including all the major figures: James Watson, Francis Crick, Jacques Monod, Max Perutz). Scientific breakthroughs depend upon many factors: chance meetings, ideas buried in papers, the happenstance of suitable collaborators and a scientist's flexible search for the structure of a single molecule. Judson astutely discloses the varying styles of the scientists in their papers, methods of approach in the lab, manners of speaking, processes of thought. Contrary to James Watson's gossipy memoir, *The Double Helix*, Judson emphasizes that co-operation, not competition, is the norm of scientific intercourse.

This book is a model of research, clarity and perception. The style is fluid, the material dense. All who have ever said, "They murder in direct," should read it. It will leave them gazing over an molecular biologists and the world—our world, our bodies—they have uncovered.

BRUCE S. BRIMAN  
by Carl Sagan  
(Random House, \$19.95)

Carl Sagan wears both hats of the popularizer, explaining to the general audience the talk of the astronomical town and attempting to reveal the meaning of science's answers to the Ultimate Questions. The most absorbing chapters, which are very good indeed, discuss the pseudoscience (such as Reich's Darwin's divine astronauts and Immanuel Velikovsky's rampant Venus). The best sections for pseudoscience in science and science, Sagan says, in a method, not a body of knowledge. He is refreshingly open-minded, arguing for scientists to take pseudoscience seriously, to discuss them only as the best scientific grounds. All of the book is well-written and the chapters unmarred by the vagaries and charlatanism are delightful.

When writing about his own field, however, only those already interested in astronomy will find him compelling. Although there is almost always something worth not learning, when Sagan says, his curiosity and attention are not infectious enough. The worst examples are those in which he dismisses the Ultimate Questions and finds himself facing the competing answers of the great religions. He is eager to minimize religion's role without having to tell religion. For instance, instead of saying Egypt was never visited by plagues, he offers a tentative scientific explanation of them. Here Sagan fails to make a distinction he makes for science: he treats religion as a body of knowledge, not as a method of belief—a something

book for all who think that religion is more than a catalogue of impossible events.

Finally, Sagan offers an explanation of religion based on the commonality of the experience of birth, and suggests it accounts for the prevalent belief in the Big Bang theory of the origin of the universe, the afterlife experiences reported by those near death may be due to a hidden resolution of the infant's journey from the womb. It's a slightly amusing theme that Sagan should subject to the rigors of his own scientific method.

David Weinberger

## A life in the public interest

WILLIAM IRVINE: THE LIFE OF A  
PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL  
by Anthony Maddres  
(Simon, \$19.95)

I have made a speech as an MP in 1992, William Irvine drew attention to the new labor group of two in Parliament and said, no doubt with his usual wit, "The Hon. Member for Con-



tral Wierup, Mr. Woodsworth, is the leader of the labor group—and I am the group." Then followed a reasonable admission: "But even if you are small I should like to say without any presumption whatsoever, that a small living seed, however small it may be, is greater than a dead tree, however bulky it may be." He was capable of throwing off scolding word pictures near such short descriptions of our own case: a simple description of a simple scene.

Irvine was philosophically a humanist and socially a liberal human being. He was a delightful companion, full of fun and laughter. He was also a good fighter against injustice and inequality, which he equated with the capitalist system. In this struggle he dedicated all his talents, often at the expense of his personal and his family's needs. As preacher, writer, editor, speaker, organizer, and parliamentarian, he was always concerned with the ill of society and possible remedies for them. He was a leading activist in the early Non-Partisan League in Alberta, in the Calgary labor movement and the United Farmers of Alberta (UFA), and, with J. B. Woodsworth, was one of the founders of the CCF, the predecessor of the NDP.

Unfortunately, in this first biography of Irvine, Anthony Maddres has an ideological axe to grind and he grinds it mercilessly—he obviously considers himself one of the few remaining true socialists. He is contemptuous of official CCF and NDP policies, which he thinks abandon the faith by accepting a mixed economy and favoring international organizations, such as NATO, dominated by the United States. To serve his purpose, he drags Irvine along as the major actor on his side of the argument. It is true that on some of the issues Maddres singles out, Irvine was with the minority in the CCF as, for example, in his opposition to NATO or in his reformist belief that the U.S.S.R. was a champion of peace even after Stalin's military take-over in Eastern Europe. But Irvine differed factional intrusions. He argued for his position with vigor and passion, but when the argument ended, he hung in all right. Maddres adopts a scurrilous approach to his subject's theories when, in fact, Irvine was capable of entertaining, as Maddres himself puts it, a "variety of ideas... at any one time" and of changing them "constantly when necessary." A constant of socialists' brethren, Maddres has added a special appendix on the League for Radical Reconstruction (LRR), in which he laudably notes that "the last may have had a brief flowering of radicalism" but, of course, it didn't.

Pratt socialist kind: small seeds grow

## On getting the best of both worlds

It was considered particularly appropriate when wine was to be served because Cognac, a spirit made from grapes, is unlikely to quench with wine.

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Perhaps the most revealing example of his inopportune predilection is the strikingly different treatment he accords Frank Underhill's leaving the GOP to support the Liberal party and Hansen Arpge's defection in 1961. Maddox is contemptuous of Underhill's act but speaks sympathetically of Arpge's joining the Liberals, even though it is obvious that, unlike Underhill, Arpge did so only to advance his personal fortunes, witness his quick appointment to the Senate when he failed to win a Congressional seat. Why then outrageous contrasts? One could believe Arpge was a smooth-tongued left-wing opportunist competing with Timothy Douglas for the leadership of the New Democratic Party.

Unhappily the book is full of singular examples of tendentious interpretation of people and events. This is a pity, for Irvine's meaningful life and admirable character deserve better.

David H. Lewis

8. *Wetzel, R. G. 1993. Ecology and the biology of plants. Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. 940 pp.*

- 1 The Maltese Cycle, Ludlum (10)
- 2 The Last Freshman, Stewert (04)
- 3 Dead as Doornail, Heller (3)
- 4 War and Remembrance, Wick (7)
- 5 The Island, Ranshofer (4)
- 6 Overlord, Heller (3)
- 7 Siddhant, Travolta (3)
- 8 Ghost Story, Strub (3)
- 9 Sophie's Choice, Stone (8)
- 10 The Plague Project, Wallace (10)

1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 26

- 1 How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Stephen (1)
- 2 Beyond Reason, Trudeau (2)
- 3 The Powers That Be, Katsourakis (2)
- 4 Lazarus Black, By Myself, Scott (4)
- 5 The Complete Scientific Method (Dial, Tarnower/Saker) (8)
- 6 Operation Flash, Orpana (4)
- 7 At One With the Sea, James (7)
- 8 Brock's State, Sagan (2)
- 9 Memoirs (Gardner, Crawford) (8)
- 10 The Brown Fox, Lyle/Golombek (2)

1. [Fraser] is wrong.  
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## Ten characters in search of an author

please any streamer audience. The festival can rightly call itself a hit.

Under artistic Director Richard Gossman, the festival has at last wrenched itself out of the summer stock syndrome. Despite last year's 50-percent cutback in subsidies from the Quebec government (which places Lennoxville's imperiously awarded productions in the same grand category as the Agri's Cliff strawberry site) the enterprise is thriving, with 25,000 visitors expected by the time the season runs out on Aug. 26.

Despite his uncertain vehicles, Oomomo has gathered a repertory company of 10 little-known but impressively talented actors to play the 20 parts. The most talented among them is Owen Fenn, whose performances are seamless. As Professor Axtor Kaida, the despatch head of a university philosophy department in Clouds of Glory, he sets the pace and pathos for the entire production, flustering his vowel sounds as though he had a gavel in his throat and intended to use it. As Grashaw, the down-trodden husband in *Woolmoost*, slowly dying of routine, he gently complains that his "two best bridge partners have moved to Tacoma"—and makes it sound like a sentence of death.

Equally versatile is Doree Chakraborty, the Vancouver actress who switches effortlessly from being a university

clearing lady to a Westmont woods-dweller or a misde Hattian princess in *Angels' Dopes*. David Scherzmann possesses a magnetism all his own which makes the shafts of stage lighting seem somehow brighter around him. Golden Temple stood every scene.

There is no dearth of plantages in Lambert's portrait of manapua life at "an obscure university on the West Coast of Canada." The play is all talk and bickering, dated rhetoric and obvious stage directions, with at least two characters continually breaking out of their roles to declaim on what's about to happen. *Visions of Glory*, a co-production with the New Play Centre of Vancouver, contains so many stabs at irony that the stage ends up looking like a courthouse.

In 'Westmount' (above, from left), Susan Wright, Chloë, Camille Hitchcock, 'Augusta Duper', parts greater than the sum



He's teased—but barely—by some good one-liners. ("For my father, his pistol was the real thing; a pistol was only a shallow symbol.") And it's a measure of both the play and the audience that the evening's longest laugh came from this exchange:

"They're talking about taking Quebec out of the country."

"Yeah? Where will they put it?"

The problem with Ben Turner's *Master of the House* is, more serious, in this period piece about the non-master of a Henricus Portet character charmingly portrayed by Paul-Emile Frappier, is not even able to establish any sense of reality. The cast is so busy spoofing itself that none of them takes a moment to step back and measure the emotion he or she should be feeling—to discover its proportion and acknowledge the absurdity of the situations in which they find themselves. Instead, Gosselin and his players bypass the essence of comedy, which ideally should begin in pain or pathos and magically transform itself into laughter. They opt for straight over-the-top and lose out in the process.

Nevertheless, originally staged as *Brutal Propriety* and then retitling *Van-ousser's* nervous nakes, starts with high promise. Richard Wilson's set is perfect, right down to the squeaking pantry door. Denis O'Sullivan captures faithfully the ambience of the West-End's upper-class home, presenting garb with a French lilt and behaving with such a tight lip that it's not at all her enlightened sister remarks, "In order to raise your consciousness, it would take a hydraulic lift."

The occasion is a family reunion to commemorate (or is it celebrate?) the 17th anniversary of the death of the Marlowe dynasty's founding father. The family spends an enjoyable half-hour in a jolly social tangle of each other's thresholds of disgust. The party and the play disintegrate when Bert (Paul-Emile Frappier) arrives carrying \$500,000 he has stolen from a Las Vegas casino. A certified refugee from a gang of Mafia scoundrels who machine-guns the stage at morally freewheeling intervals, Bert turns out to be a half-Jewish bastard connived by the late Marlowe patriarch. By this time, all vestiges of a plot have been jettisoned. The play has turned into a Charley's Aunt romp with such lines as "She's a prima's girlfriend in a grand old made by 'Wanderer Bros.' It's all about as subtle as Styliak."

Stylian with the 1979 edition of *Festival Lemnosville* is that Richard Gosselin's talented troupe spends most of its time on stage as 10 characters in search of an author. ☐

## Films

# Dracula re-vamped: up and down for the count

DRACULA

Directed by John Badham

So largely and audibly flawed, *Dracula* is still a proven and beautiful achievement. From the moment that John Williams' score first cuts here there runs above the sound of a ship's bell being torn apart in a storm and Dracula, leaving the throat-gashed crew, is washed up on the Yorkshire coast, the movie holds you in thrall. Visually, it's everything you could want the shadow play to be delicate as the inside of a rose petal after rain—suggestive, unusual and, strangely, unsettling. And Frank Langella as Dracula is

Longely, arrogant agency of the vampire



translucent, his eyes burning ovals of desire, his sonorous stage voice menacing. He sounds like a young James Mason and in his piercing look is the arrogant agency of the vampire. In his desecrating palace of cobwebs and candles, he confides to Kate Winslet over dinner that he's the last of his kind. It's one of the most wonderful scenes in movie history: the candles flicker, her moist lips part, the promise of blood about to flow in palpable—a moment of erotic splendor.

John Badham has the makings of a great director. He's a master of atmosphere and his crosscutting narrative techniques as *Dracula* is being honed down by Van Helwing (Lawrence Olivier), whose daughter he turned into one of the undead, are perfect. He handles his camera like a master: there's one magnificent shot where the camera rises from the ground behind a coffin to reveal a tableau of mariners out of an illustration by Edward Gorey, who did the sets for the Broadway play. But when Langella first bites into Molligan's neck, it's as though Badham remembered he directed *Saturday Night Fever* and the screen turns into psychotic nightmares. There are outrageous near-fatalities. Langella's sailing as he will to get into a window when all he needs to do is fly. Van Helwing's vampire daughter's reflective showing in a maddy profile (vampires don't have reflections), and Dracula's demise where, hoisted from the hold of a ship into the fatal, glaring sun, he disappears but still manages to fly away as a bat!

The jolly script by W.D. Kiefer (*Reveries of the Body Snatcher*) works against the grain of the genre, the contemporary, tongue-in-cheek humor was suited to San Francisco than Yorkshire. As Dracula's nemesis, O'Sullivan's turn out yet another scene, only the recognition were with his undead daughter (who by this time looks remarkably like Linda Blair) in raving—but then one can't cry in an accent. As Molligan's father who is the head of a local law, Donald Pleasence will play Donald Pleasence better than anyone else.

*Dracula* is a magnificent failure—a great pity. If only Badham had made the movie he should have made, without losing sensationally and trying to make Thriller. Lawrence O'Toole

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## A family reunion that proves blood does run thicker than grasshoppers or hail

By Alan Fotheringham

In mid-July, after a soaking rain, the threatening grain waves green and strong across the fields 50 miles north of Regina in the hall at Roskwa, the three-piece band wears white shirts, red vests and black vests. The occasion is a meeting of the glue that keeps this country together, the glue being the concentric circles of family strengths that bind and stick it as a family reunion—pulling together three generations that were nurtured in the heart of the country, the wheat belt of Saskatchewan, the prime example that blood does run thicker than water—or grasshoppers or hail or Depression relief from Franklin (an area stronger than armies and fraternities and clubs and councils and parliaments). Pugged through the irascible experience of Saskatchewan in the dirty '30s, they stick like wax.

This reunion—42 grandchildren eligible, 35 great-grandchildren—is a what is left of the heritage of John R. Clarke. Born Sept. 21, 1886, died 1964. His seed is sprinkled across the land. There is Don, born 1908. Then Ivan, John, then a daughter who died, then Leslie, Ruby, Jack, Lloyd, Harvey, Dick, Jim and Emily. Don, who was born in 1911, Mary Ethel Clarke, born July 12, 1905, died 1964, raised children for 40 years on her husband's farm outside Hearn, southwest of Saskatoon. The Clarke Hills are to the west, the Clark Hills to the south, the Big Nuddy Meadows next to the North Dakota border. There was, as the Clarke farm 80 years ago, a windmill that drew water from a well for the horse trough—nearly a half-century before this energy-pensky well had decided that harnessing the wind may be one of the solutions after all.

There are, in the preliminary layer, sons and daughters from Georgia, Ottawa, Prince George, B.C. There are farmers and on the original soil, apothecaries, nurses, teachers, artists. On the second layer—their children—there are engineers, veterinarians, nurse officers, school superintendents, social workers, dental assistants. The final layer down

there are personal officers and students and babies—all victims of the cultural stockpile to the source.

There was, on one side, the Webbs, from Brampton, Herefordshire, supposedly related to the Webbs, Sidney and Beatrice, of Fabian socialist fame. James Webb, one of the first settlers in Saskatchewan, lived in a sod house just west of Roskwa when the tall, untamed prairie grass was such a threat that uncontrolable fires swept through it. He plowed the open prairie with a team of oxen. Today, I note with great surprise



and delight, his bones sit in \$40,000 tractors and trunks—their OS rigs on hold—in an air-conditioned comfort to Don Harris standing in a CBC studio in Toronto.

The Clarks have that square, stable face that reveals they are from Northern Ireland. Surviving a shipwreck off Newfoundland, they made it to the Ottawa Valley, then homesteaded in Saskatchewan. John Clarke came from a family of 15. He arrived in Roskwa in 1888, went into the heavy business, was a councillor for the first municipality (his province until 1906 was still part of the Northwest Territories). He was a language reeve, a manager of soccer, basketball and hockey clubs (Ken Doberty went on to the Maple Leafs), a chairman of the school board. Ethel Clarke was a pillar of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. John Clarke and his seven sons, on special occasions, had a bottle of rye in the barn. It never got further than the barn. The WCTU sold the house



There is, on this reunion weekend, a polyamorous to Sunday afternoon picnic nestled beneath ground-level best in a truly remote outside America. It was a weekend that spawned the famous four Campbell's sailing brothers, 10 times winners of the Birnie. The pickles, as always, predominate. There are three 25-pound roasts of beef, barbecued in two basted oil drums. The soup is simple: add lemons, 12 onions, 20 bay leaves, 20 cloves, two gallons water, one gallon wine, 60 peppercorns, 18 tablespoons sugar, 39 of salt, four tablespoons ginger, make chips. Pick an acre of pickles.

It is, as it happens, a full moon. The banjo comes out, and the guitar, then the saxophone. When-faced 20-year-olds, exhausted from dancing till midnight the evening before with adults who do not deprive children of adult fun, collapse face-down on blankets beneath the trees. The farm wives, greeting or departing, kiss you full as the lips in contrast to the tentative city custom of nervous side-long swipes at the cheek.

The moon rises, the saxophone falls. It is not quite the same as Depression days when the shod-bred of the eastern wheelhouse wheeled his grain stashes into the barn, as much the 1900s as today's greater with his muscle car peeling rubber. It's hard to imagine anyone now spending his reunion time mowing coppers by the neck from their drowned-out barns.

The sons of John Clarke, while their wheat goes to China, Bangladesh and beyond, drive enormous mustangs that seem like moon vehicles—great campers, mobile homes, gigantic ambulances, houses which take them to Florida to see the dry winter. They have, with their prosperity, insulated themselves from their past which may seem nostalgic to us but is merely a nuisance to them. It was character building, in that there was a lot of booze playing, but no one would offer to duplicate the experience.

There were some small personal interest in John R. Clarke. He was my grandfather



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